Vol. CXLIII. No. 1855.

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THE BYSTANDER July 5, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE.—*continued.*

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FRANCE.—*continued.*

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Villefranche-sur-Mer.—Welcome Hotel.—Facing sea, near beach, Yachting, Fishing. Every comfort. Pension from 50 frs.

GERMANY

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein. — Parkhotel Bellevue. — The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Gastein.–Grand Hotel, Gasteinerhof.–Sunniest htl. 1st-cl. 180 bedrooms. Pens. fr. R.M. 9.50. Pat. by Eng. Soc. Open in Winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel, situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath in hotel, garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms. 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Htl., quiet sit. Inclusive terms from R.M. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–L.h't.W'ld ren'd. Fav.home of intern.soc. Fam." Grill." Am.bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr.B.fr.9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The leading Hotel. Near bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.–Hotel Imperial.–World-known. Close to Springs and baths. Season 15th April to 15th Oct. Tel. 35.

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Igls/Tyrol.—Golf Hotel, Iglerhof.—Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All mod. comfort. Golf course. Bathing. Moderate terms.

Kitzbühel/Tyrol.—Hotel Weisses Rössl.—All comforts. Best position. Very popular with English visitors.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.–Grand Hotel Continental.–Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bathing estab. Pat. by best Soc. Pens. from Mks. 12.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons.) Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fr. R.M. 12.

POLAND

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-Bar. Garden.

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Davos. — Palace Hotel. — Summer 1939. Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board from Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea-level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten., Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food & comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frs. 11.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orch. Danc. Pens. fr. 15.— Electrically-htd. swim.-pool. Tennis. Walking. Mountaineering

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.–Hôtel Meurice.–On the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne.—Ouchy—Hotel Du Château.—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

Lausanne. — Palace-Beau-Site Hotel. — Up to date, ideally sit. Ex. cuis. Bar-Grillroom. Orchs. Reas. rates. Lucien A. Poltera, Dir.

Lausanne.—Hotel Royal.—Super first-class. Unriv. sit. Sunny park. All rooms with priv. lav. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 15.

Lausanne. — Victoria. — First class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lenzerheide.–Grand Hotel Kurhaus.–Leading 1st-class Hotel. Best pos. Large private park. Open-Air Restaurant. Terms from Frs. 13.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof** — In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, Propr.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel on the Lake.–1st-cl. Sit. in private grounds. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths. Park, Tennis, Garage.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation. Directly on lake shore. Quiet—yet central. Full pens. fr. Frs. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Grand Htl. Palace.—Unrivalled sit. on the lake-prom.; quiet, cen., large park, open-air Restaurant

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—First-class. Best view, full sth. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.—Best lake-side sit. 100 rms. all South with balcony. Ideal for peaceful, comfort. stay. Wkly all incl. tms. in £

Pontresina.—The Kronenhof.—The traditional English House.

Pontresina. — The Palace. — First class in every way. Own tennis courts. Garage. Inclusive rates from 15/-.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host to the Elite. Season June 15th to end of September.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Cen. position, large park. Golf, Plage. Own trout-fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading htl. of the Jungfrau dist. offers you the most enjoyable sum. hol. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, prop.

Zermatt.—The Seiler Hotel.—The very place for a really great holiday. Pens. terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 upwards.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sit. at the entrance to Swiss Nat. Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant & bar.

The Bystander

Anthony

The Last Lyceum Hamlet

The theatrical event of last week was the brief season of John Gielgud's *Hamlet* at the Lyceum. This was at once the last scene in the Lyceum's long, glorious story of Shakespeare, melodrama, spectacle and pantomime, and the prelude to the visit of Mr. Gielgud's company to Elsinore, where they now are. His Hamlet, developed and matured since he last played it in 1934, and Fay Compton's exquisite Ophelia head the brilliant cast. Mr. Gielgud has built up an unchallenged position for himself in the English theatre during the last six or seven years as an actor, producer and presenter of plays. He is almost a National Theatre in himself. Present and future interests, besides *Hamlet*, include his joint presentation of the moving and finely acted Welsh play, *Rhondda Roundabout*, his appearance later in *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *Rebecca*, his hope to put on *Macbeth* with Fay Compton as Lady Macbeth

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

LORD HALIFAX has certainly made a definite statement at last, and it remains now to be seen whether Herr von Ribbentrop believes him or not. If they march we will fight. That is the gist of it, and nothing could be more definite. It is a word spoken in time, because things are hotting-up on the Vistula. The Poles will be encouraged now to stand fast, and Berlin may well hesitate before it tries any rough stuff.

ONE of the most fascinating documents of our times is the official secret instructions to the Czech people. It is an absolute model for the behaviour of a temporarily conquered people. It advises the Czechs to be quiet and dignified in their dealings with the Germans; to ignore the parades of German troops; to keep a record of all Czechs who help the Germans; to take secret photographs of every incident that might be useful to history; not to spread rumours but "to make honest and impartial use of whispering propaganda"; to listen-in to foreign wireless; to take care of their health; and "to make a rule of modesty, endurance, tact, and readiness for sacrifice." The Germans have taken on a big job in Bohemia and Moravia.

FROM all accounts, the Axis is in very close agreement again on foreign affairs. Italy seems to be convinced that the Germans are right when they say that nothing is to be gained by direct negotiations with Britain and France, and Signor Mussolini is apparently convinced also that Berlin is not going to weaken over Danzig and the Corridor. As an obvious consequence of this, the Duce himself is not going to weaken over his demands on France.

The New Yugoslav Minister

Dr. Ivan B. Soubbotich is now installed in his Ministry at 195, Queen's Gate, with a big picture of his young King, Peter of Yugoslavia, on the table behind his desk. He has succeeded the late M. Kassidolatz, who died last month

The Queen Watches Her Daughters Outswim Their Rivals

The Queen first saw her daughters swim and dive and life-save their way to victory in the Bath Club competitions last week and then presented them with their prizes. Princess Elizabeth with 35 points out of a possible 40 won the Challenge Shield for girls over nine and under fourteen, and Princess Margaret with 35½ points won the under-nine Challenge Cup. They had both been training hard and are excellent stylists. Watching with the Queen in the gallery were the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lord Desborough, who himself twice swam across Niagara. (Pictures of the Princesses and their rivals are on p. 33)

NATURALLY, the Axis is immensely encouraged by affairs in the Far East. The Japanese are playing the Axis game to perfection, and Dr. Goebbels has got plenty of material for his propaganda. Of course, the situation in Tientsin is not an isolated incident. It is part of the long-term campaign which Japan started in Manchukuo in 1931, when Sir John Simon was Foreign Secretary. There is not the slightest use pretending that Tientsin is the end. The end will only come in one of two ways: when Japan goes back to Japan, or when Europe comes back to Singapore.

A LOT of people might profit by springing a nimble tanner and buying a new Penguin book called *Attack from Within*. It is all about the Nazi method of undermining a country from inside. The author, Mr. Elwyn Jones, has aimed at showing that the peaceful undermining is going on in this country just as busily as it ever did in Central Europe. You may or may not agree with Mr. Jones, but it's worth while having a look at what he says.

BIG business is, of course, something which I don't understand, and I don't suppose very many of my readers understand it either. So I expect it's quite all right when we sell scrap-iron to Germany to help her with rearmament, and when we buy tinned salmon and crab from the Japanese to help them to insult British citizens in China. It seems queer to me, but that must be because I am silly. After all, it was the gentle little City of London which started German rearmament with its loans years ago.

SIR JOHN SIMON, in the intervals of directing foreign policy in the Inner

Committee of the Cabinet, brings finance bills into the House of Commons from time to time. His latest tax is the Armament Profits Duty on all contracts above £200,000 a year. The tax seems to be a pretty vague one, and nobody has the smallest enthusiasm for it, nor, I fancy, is any armament manufacturer remotely worried by it. In the course of his speech the Chancellor made one unfortunate comparison when he said that he was like "a long-stop for whatever escaped the prehensile hands of the Minister of Supply." It is a thumpingly poor wicket-keeper in these days who requires a long-stop, and if Mr. Burgin is going to let so many byes pass him as all that, then surely another wicket-keeper is wanted.

THE Air Ministry has decided after all not to ruin Sir Henry Hoare's magnificent estate in Wiltshire which he had bequeathed to the nation. This is a notable victory over the Vandals. But once again the question crops up—why on earth should the Air Ministry ever have dreamt of taking the place at all? Why shouldn't they have realised from the beginning that they were trying to commit an outrageous crime? This isn't the first time by a long chalk that the Air Ministry has made an ass of itself.

EVERYBODY who can should go to 145, Piccadilly, which used to be the home of the King and Queen. An Exhibition opened there last week of unique treasures lent by private owners all over the country. The Exhibition is in aid of the Heritage Craft Schools for Crippled Children down at Chailey, in Sussex, which is an institution more deserving of support than most. The Royal Family have taken a keen interest and have lent exhibits from all the royal collections.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—will be found on pages C to H before the Frontispiece.

FORD MADOX FORD, who has just died, was a remarkable man who was never appreciated at his real value. His last two books, *It Was the Nightingale* and *Great Trade Route*, were, I think, his best, though he had written many fine works before then. He will be forgotten, of course, by all except lovers of craftsmanship.

THE second volume of Sir John Squire's autobiography is a delightful description of canoeing, interspersed with rambling memories and comments on the human scene. Sir John has recently had a pretty bad operation, but with his invincible vitality he has got over it, and his friends are rejoicing.

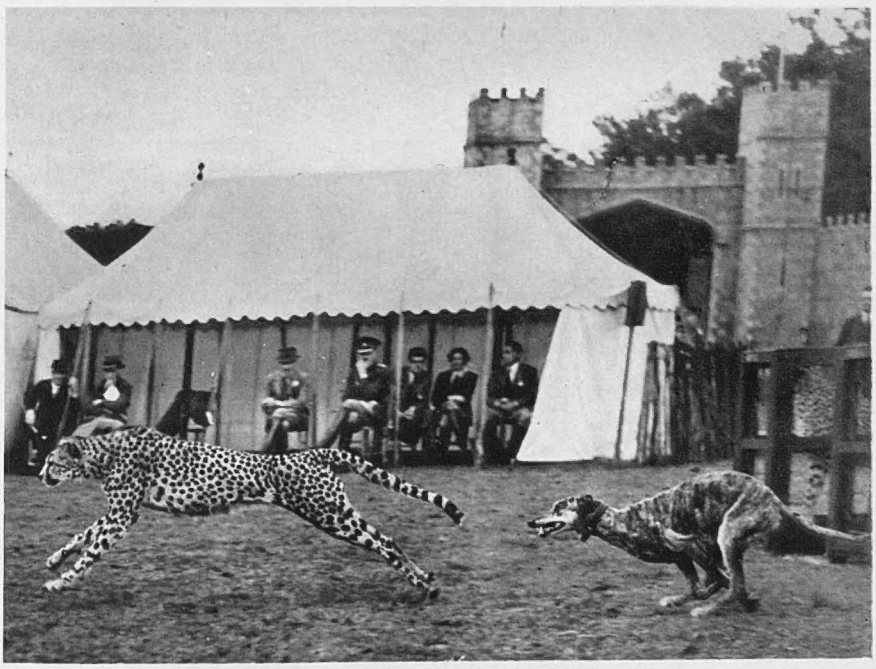
A SAD farewell dinner was given last week at the Devonshire Club. The melancholy occasion was the departure of Mr. Frank Morley from this country to take up a big job in the American publishing firm, Harcourt Brace. I have seldom seen such a crowd of publishers sitting at one table, and the few authors present, "Beachcomber," H. M. Tomlinson and James Bone, were distinctly nervous throughout the ceremony. You never can be sure when a publisher won't produce a bit of gas-piping and a blank contract-form, and authors are naturally diffident in their presence. Mr. Frank Morley is one of three remarkable brothers, Christopher, the famous writer, and Felix, Editor of the *Washington Post*, being the other two. All three of them were Rhodes Scholars.

THE Test match at Lord's brought fame to Headley, but the rest of the West Indians were not quite the class to compete against an England team. It 's true that they had to bat on the first day in a horribly cold wind, but even when the sun was shining on the third day they were not good enough. The English side were immensely strong in batting, and I think the Australians are going to have a lot of trouble in the near future with Hutton and Compton and Hardstaff. With Mr. Hammond and Paynter, of course, they have had plenty of trouble already.

ONE moral which can be drawn from the Test Match is that for the thousandth time in succession the catering arrangements at Lord's were so primitive as to be almost inhuman. I see that something is going to be done about it at last. First-class cricket depends for its existence upon public support, and it is one of the mysteries why the authorities should cry bitterly when the public doesn't come to their grounds, and why they should treat it so casually when the public does come.

SIR WILLIAM BURTON brought off a remarkable victory with his yacht, Jenetta, over the redoubtable Mr. Harold Vanderbilt. Sir William, who was commanding his own ship in person, is seventy-five years old. He was once a famous rifle-shot, and in his day was the best holer-out of two-yard putts that I ever saw. His handicap was never much better than fourteen, but once he got on the green he was deadly.

I WENT a few days ago to recapture the thrills of my youth with a film of the Wild West, and I certainly succeeded. *Stagecoach* is grand entertainment, with gallopings and shootings and Red Indians and the whole outfit of the Wild West.



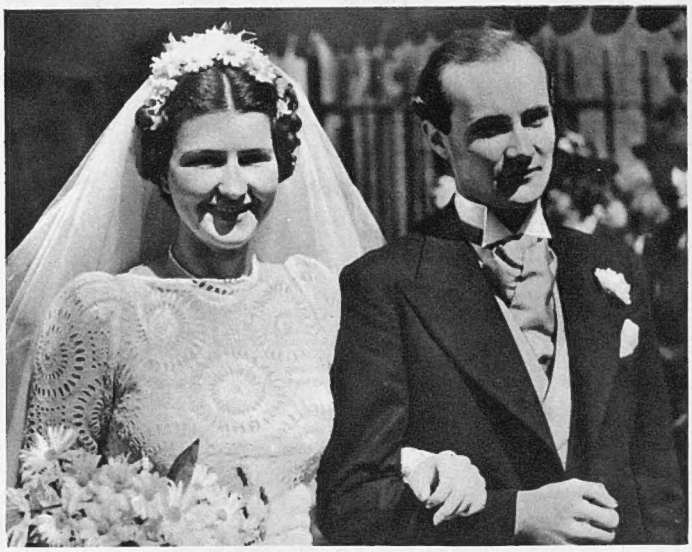
Jungle Speed at the Aldershot Horse Show

Nine racing cheetahs were on display at the Aldershot Horse Show this year, and showed their speed against greyhounds across the Rushmoor Arena. They did 40 to 45 miles an hour, with an acceleration from a standing start that rivals that of a racing car. And although they are less than two years from their free jungle life, they are placidly tame—as witness be-ribboned Pongo on the right

Popularity Rival to the Panda

Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS



Mr. Huxley and Miss Anne Schenck

David Bruce Huxley, son of the late Leonard Huxley, and Mrs. Huxley, of 16, Bracknell Gardens, Hampstead, and half-brother of Julian and Aldous Huxley, married Anne Schenck, only daughter of the late Frederic Schenck, and Mrs. Schenck, of New York, and Lenox, Massachusetts, at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, and took her to Scotland for their honeymoon

Mr. d'Abo and Miss Primrose Harbord

Edward d'Abo, younger son of G. L. d'Abo, of 16, Avenue Road, N.W., and Primrose Harbord, third daughter of Capt. Edward Harbord, and Mrs. Harbord, of Kirk Deighton Hall, Wetherby, Yorks., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and are honeymooning in the South of France. Primrose Harbord belongs to a family of winter sports experts

Mr. Salmon a

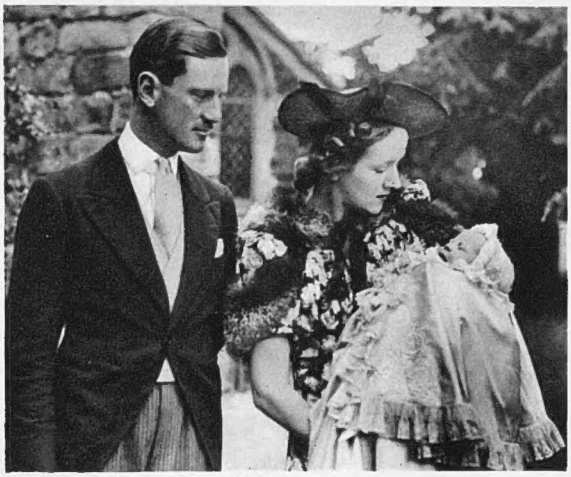
Richard Henry Salmo Salmon, of 19, Qu Laura Clarry, daugh Clarry, of 71, Ashl at St. Andrew's, Ashl the Lakes. The brid

AN ENGAGEMENT

Mlle. Paravicini, M. de Schulthess-Rechberg

Jacqueline Paravicini is the younger daughter of the Swiss Minister, and Mme. Paravicini, of 21, Bryanston Square, W.1. Her fiancé, Eric de Schulthess-Rechberg, is also Swiss ; his parents are Colonel and Mme. de Schulthess-Rechberg, of Schloss Au, Lake of Zurich

A CHRISTENING



Jennifer Jane Nelson and Her Parents

CHARITY MARKET

Viscountess Gormanston Sold a Chicken

Left : the daughter of Mr. John and Lady Jane Nelson was christened at Chobham Parish Church. Her father is in the Grenadier Guards, her mother was Lady Jane FitzRoy before she married in 1936, sister of the late Duke of Grafton. The Nelsons live at the Barn, Dippenhall, Surrey

Princess Alexander von Croy, Lady Gormanston, the Hon. Patricia Eyres-Monsell and Lady Anson were the four poulteresses, Mrs. Thomas was their chicken-choosing client. This was at the Market at Arlington House, in aid of the Third Feathers Club nursery school. The school is at World's End, Chelsea, for two- to five-year-old children of working mothers

Miss Camille Clarry

n of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. ane's Grove, W., and Camille Sir Reginald and Lady rdens, S.W.1., were married ace, and are honeymooning in her is M.P. for Newport

RACING AT SANDOWN

Miss Lloyd Thomas, the Hon. D. Ormsby-Gore

Sylvia Lloyd Thomas and Lord Harlech's elder son, David Ormsby-Gore, who came of age in May, were at Sandown for the First Summer Meeting, chiefly memorable for its extreme cold. In the big two-year-old race on Saturday two of Hyperion's progeny were first and second, the Tumult filly and Haymaker

POLO AT HURLINGHAM

Mrs. Mercer-Nairne and the Countess of Minto

Mrs. George Mercer-Nairne, daughter-in-law of Lady Violet Astor, and her aunt-by-marriage, Lady Minto, watched the Jaguars beat the Ghosts by 6 goals to 5 in the finals of the Champion Cup. As at Sandown on the same day, furs and overcoats were the necessary fashion

DIPLOMATIC THEATRE PARTY

Countess Reventlow was Hostess after "Hamlet"

The Danish Minister and Countless Reventlow gave a reception at the Danish Legation after the first night of "Hamlet" last week, the four-day Lyceum season being a prelude to the company's visit to Elsinore. With Countess Reventlow here are Dame Marie Tempest, Angela Baddeley and her husband, Glen Byam Shaw, Irene Vanbrugh, and, behind, Robert Jorgensen, the publicity expert, and John Gielgud. Glen Byam Shaw plays Horatio in Mr. Gielgud's production. Marie Tempest and Angela Baddeley came on after "Dear Octopus," and Irene Vanbrugh from "Only Yesterday," at the Playhouse

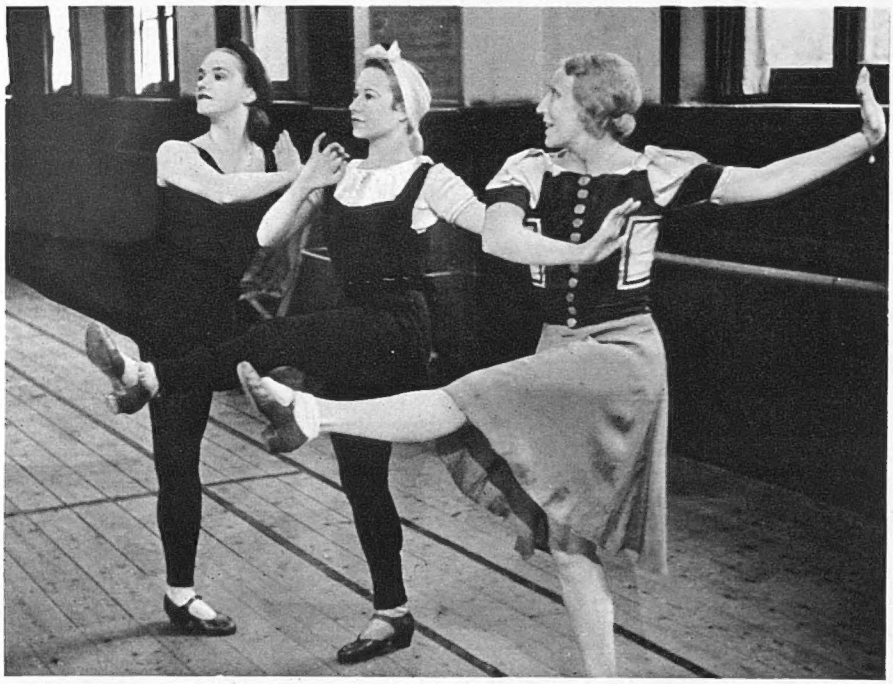
HOUND SHOW

Viscount and Viscountess Suirdale

Lord and Lady Suirdale were two of the great crowd of hunting people at the Royal Peterborough Hound Show last week. He is the Earl of Donoughmore's heir and she was Dorothy Jean Hotham

Preliminary discussions *were held, over cups of tea, between T. C. Fairbairn, producer of large-scale Albert Hall affairs, Lady Harcourt, chairman of the Gala committee, and publicity-organiser Billie Bristow*

Committee lists *were made up by Lady Harcourt and Miss E. Roe, the secretary, with the help of card indexes of the Mount Vernon Fellowship*



Sokolova *(right) rehearsing two young dancers, Kloda and Pamela Sholts*

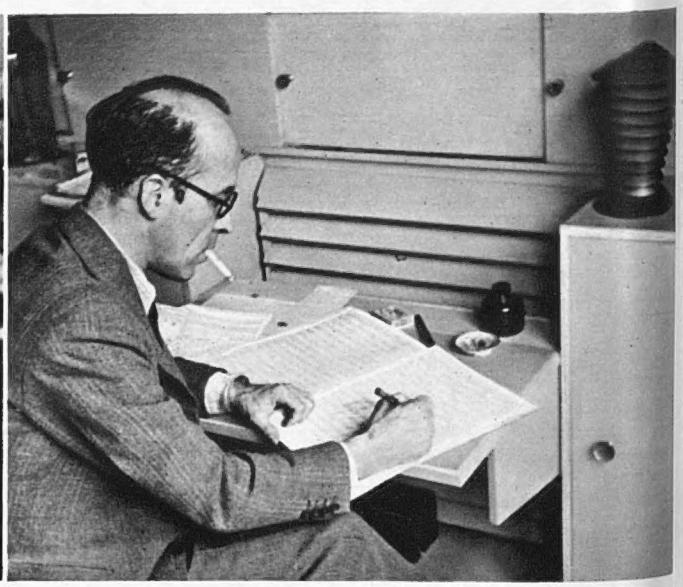
Planning a Charity Gala

To-night's Music and Ballet Evening at the Albert Hall

To-night takes place at the Albert Hall the Gala Evening of Music and Ballet in aid of the Radium Institute and the Mount Vernon Hospital for Cancer. This is the result of months of work by Viscountess Harcourt and her devoted committee and the publicity organiser, Billie Bristow (Mrs. Michael Pleydell-Bouverie). Lady Harcourt is joint-chairman with Viscountess Knollys of the Mount Vernon Fellowship, which, under their leadership, has raised £22,000 for the Hospital in the last three years. Now the aim is £4000 for new equipment to fight cancer. Without a paid organiser, a gala on the Albert Hall scale is a full-time job to run, with the endless meetings, discussions, correspondence, telephoning, ticket-selling, publicity work, and the general badgering and cajoling of friends to help—some of which activities are shown here

Photographs by Rodger

Albert Coates *runs through the score of a "Boris Godunov" scene*



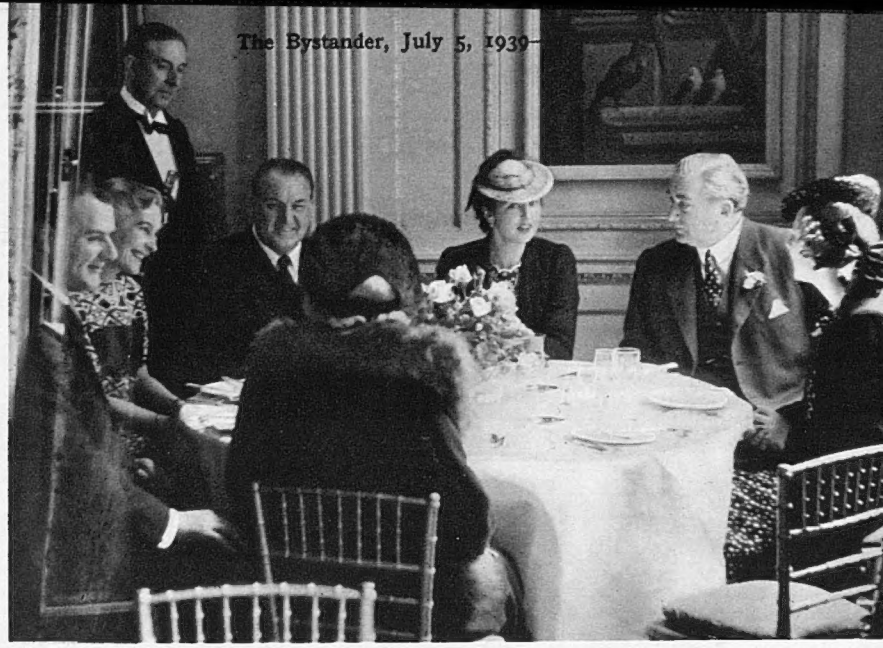
Leighton Lucas *does the same with "Rhapsodie," the Cone School ballet*

Committee member *is the Hon. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon*

Lady Hailsham *agreed to serve on the Committee*

Lady Bird *wrote to all her friends about the Gala*

Lady Prescott *telephoned and wrote both at once*



Committee lunch *was held at which were Charles Proctor (conductor), Lady Vansittart (president of the Mount Vernon Fellowship), Alfred Piccaver (famous tenor giving his services), Lady Harcourt, Albert Coates, Lady Knollys, and Mme. Piccaver (back to camera). Lady Harcourt and Lady Knollys are joint-chairmen of the Mount Vernon Fellowship*

Programme-sellers *are Mount Vernon nurses*

The huge poster outside the Albert Hall tells most of the programme story. In the musical half are Alfred Piccaver, Val Rosing singing "Boris Godunov" music, Albert Coates conducting. In the ballet half Markova comes over from Paris to dance, and so does Darja Collin. Sokolova's ballet, *Russki Plasski*, is being danced, and the Cone School contributes a ballet. The conductors for this half are Charles Proctor and Leighton Lucas

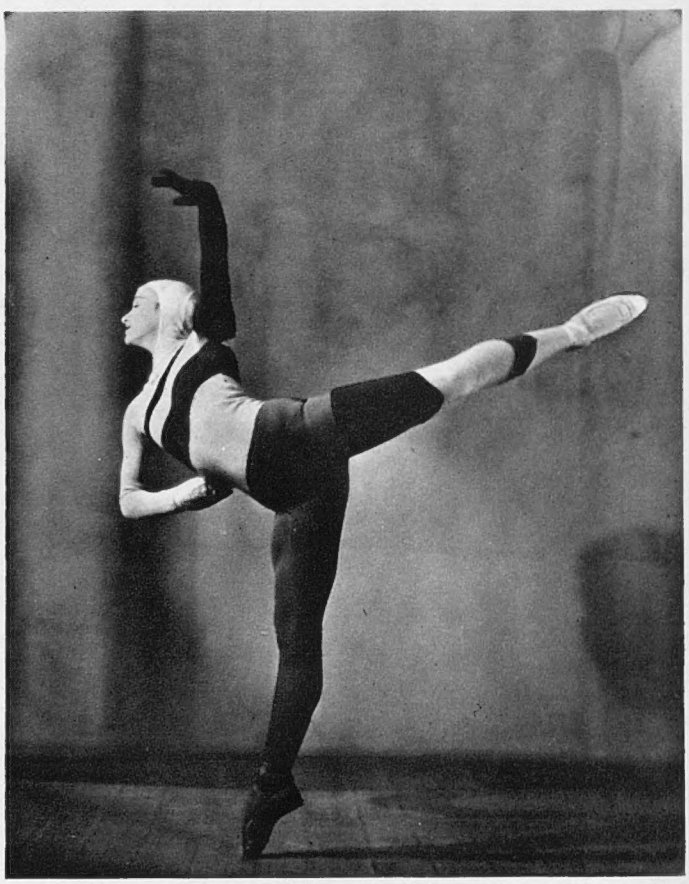
Denisova is a Seventeen-Year-Old Canadian

Alexandra Denisova

During the last two weeks London has had for the second time this year the exciting experience of seeing a young dancer establishing herself as a future ballerina. Denisova in *Jeux d'Enfants*, *Protée*, *Aurora's Wedding* has had the same delighted recognition from her audiences as Julia Farron in *Carnaval*, *The Sleeping Princess*, and *Cupid and Psyche* received at Sadler's Wells. To follow Baronova as the Top in *Jeux d'Enfants* was a hard thing to do, but Denisova has succeeded. She has a lovely face and figure, a true dancer's feet, supple, strong and "living," a pure, long line, and a smooth fullness of movement which already produces occasionally those rare fleeting moments of perfection which are never forgotten. And with all this her personality is fresh, charming, serene. Of her other parts, her *Protée* role was seen last year, and Mr. Haskell writes of her Princess Aurora on the opposite page. She joined the Russian Company (then Colonel de Basil's) during their American tour of 1937-8, having trained with June Roper in Vancouver. Since then Lichine and Riabouchinska have both worked steadily with her. The care of these two mature artists for the development of a seventeen-year-old girl during her first years in the theatre must be of incalculable value to her future

Two of these pictures by Anthony appear in his exhibition of ballet photographs at Covent Garden

In "Protée" She Took Her First New Role



Her First Big Solo Was in "Jeux d'Enfants"

Return of the Prodigal Russians

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE Russian Ballet (ex-Monte Carlo, ex-de Basil and now Educational) starts its sixth consecutive London season. It is once more at full strength after the disastrous cleavage of last year. Verchinina and Dolin have rejoined the fold, Denisova has become a "junior star" and there are half-a-dozen promising youngsters of varying nationality, including Moulin (French) and Leskova (Russian), leaders of Le Ballet de la Jeunesse. Also, the company appears rested and a slimmer *corps de ballet* could not be imagined.

THE composition of programmes has not been altogether happy. *Carnaval*, even brilliantly danced, is not for an opening night, and the present production is far from brilliant. Riabouchinska's Columbine I could not wish different; it is true porcelain, but it throws the other performances out of gear. When Columbine is thistledown, what of Papillon? Lazovsky's Harlequin is nearly very good, but is not yet focussed. Verchinina's Chiarina is not her strong point. She is, however, an outstanding personality. Hoyer's Pierrot is the best he has given and Ladre's Pantalon excellent, as always.

The ensemble was a trifle ragged and gave obvious signs of under-rehearsal. *Carnaval* more than any other work is not suited to the restless conditions that govern modern ballet. It demands perfection in every detail if it is to survive.

THE attraction of the evening was David Lichine's *Prodigal Son* which has received unmerited flippant treatment in much of the Press, the word "acrobatic" being stressed in particular. This shows considerable misunderstanding of the use of dance technique. From one aspect the minute a dancer stands on her points she is acrobatic. There is no hard and fast rule that separates dance technique from acrobatic technique. The difference lies in the intention. Has the arranger set out to dazzle his audience by the difficulty of the trick alone, or has he set out to interpret the music and tell his story? Lichine has clearly done the latter. Acrobatic, fiddlesticks!

The story he tells is unfortunately not the Biblical one—in 1929 they thought they could improve on that—but Lichine can only follow the material at his disposal. The important thing for ballet at this moment is what *The Prodigal Son* tells us about Lichine. As things are at present (they may alter from season to season), the creative future of Russian Ballet is in his hands.

This work shows him to be musical, highly imaginative, able to sustain a narrative and, above all, to be gifted with an extraordinary sense of theatre. From the moment that the curtain rises he characterises the Prodigal Son as an arrogant and spoiled youth, full of zest and longing to use his excess of energy. Those alleged acrobatics are in Act I. truly used to depict character. The second act, over-long for sharpness of effect, is distinguished by some complex dancing against a remarkable architectural background, but it is never allowed to interfere with the narrative, and the contrast between this human architecture and the solitary battered figure on the stage is a moving one, coming to its climax in the very simple scene of reconciliation. This ballet has a truly consistent pattern. It is a serious work of art. It comes at a time when people are demanding neo-classicism in every new work.

IN its interpretation one must note, first of all, the fine team-work of the male ensemble. Dolin's Prodigal Son has been very much better. On the first night, anxious to do himself justice, he was artificial and tended to exaggerate. It was difficult to believe in his innocence, very easy to believe in the magnificently virile male dancer. His costume, looking like a "principal boy" panto outfit, was a distinct handicap.

Baronova's dancing was beyond criticism. She alone could have carried out these difficulties without a trace of hesitation, though the costume conceived for Doubrovska called for a taller woman. Here again I admire Lichine for arranging a dance in character. Those complexities are of a type to dazzle an exuberant and raw youth, whose own spontaneous movements form such a strong contrast.

If he is provided with good material, both this work and that little gem *Protée* that followed prove to my entire satisfaction that Lichine has a future to give to the Ballet.

"AURORA'S WEDDING," apart from Baronova's Aurora, a dazzling piece of dancing, and Riabouchinska's always superb Bluebird, was mediocre, especially in comparison to *The Sleeping Princess*; and one cannot avoid the comparison. The variations were well below standard. I will withhold individual criticism, as Aurora always takes some days to settle down. In any case, Leontieva showed what an excellent dancer she is, and Serova once again proved herself an artist. "The Three Ivans," not a very great dance but splendidly danced, was the success of the evening in front of a smart but not over-critical house.

The event of the week was Denisova in the role of Aurora. She was beautifully simple and amazingly dignified. This was the sketch of something big to come. In time she will be Canada's pride as much as the Quins. Brava, Denisova! Petroff deserves high praise for his fine partnering of the novice.

THE company has never been finer. It would be almost impossible to assemble greater talent. My concern is with how this talent will be used and presented. Ballet, unlike nations, does not thrive under a democracy. It demands an individual to enforce his taste and knowledge, especially in the casting of roles. To-day this Russian Ballet is good, at times very good. It could and should be marvellous. Its immediate need is for greater discipline in the ensemble and for a programme of future works representative of the very best in art.

There is a crying need for a light work in place of the regretted and never-to-be-forgotten *Beau Danube* with which to conclude the evening. The Wells have their "Patineurs," the Covent Garden Russians must tackle this need without delay.

The Russians are back, the talent is there, we expect great things.

Anthony

A study of Anton Dolin and Irina Baronova in Lichine's new ballet, "The Prodigal Son," which Mr. Haskell discusses in his article, and of which pictures appeared in last week's issue

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

QUITE rightly—as you will agree if you study some of the faces peering daily through the railings of Wellington Barracks when the Guards parade—quite rightly did that honest ex-sergeant who gave evidence in the Fainting Drummer-boy Case scourge some of those cat-calling critics for their ignorance. Emotionalism is making such strides among the booboisie that almost any kind of discipline nowadays evokes boos and indignant chittering noises from a type of citizen who would be greatly improved by a basinful of it himself at regular intervals, and it may be that conscription will benefit the country infinitely more than most people expect. Don't get us wrong on this, as the bishop said earnestly to the actress. We 're no more enamoured of discipline for its own sake than you are : we dodge it as long as possible, and when the Editor's whistle blows for " stations " we quit our hammock with oaths, scattering the Nubian odalisques and their palm-leaf fans and eau de cologne with furious gestures. But we frankly admit discipline does us good, morally and physically, and anyone who knows Broadcasting House will agree that the Prussian régime of blood and iron established by all those admirals and generals bore admirable fruit.

Amid the endless babble of our progressive boys about Democracy and the Rights (but never, you observe, the Duties) of Man, we noted that French Democracy recently gave a conscientious objector to military service two years in the can, with two years in a " special regiment " to follow. This amused us so much that we almost forgot for the moment how wicked the French are.

" Who 's the O.C. here, anyway, Sir? "

Row

NOBODY seems to know why those aeroplanes roaring round and defiling the sky with banners advertising Gobbo and Bippo should be permitted by the Air Ministry to do their damnedest till the year 1941, as a recent White Paper recommends. One would have imagined—except that this is Cloud Cuckoo Land anyway—that an admittedly intolerable nuisance might have been stopped here and now ; instead of which those responsible for sky advertising have nearly two years more to play with. Meanwhile the number of citizens who would rather die than buy stuff thus advertised—and but for the grace of God the ad. boys would be howling sales-talk at us from gigantic aerial loudspeakers as well—must be growing enormously. Long before Gaffer A. P. Herbert threatened publicly to grow a beard if any more 'planes boomed over his Hammersmith estate advertising shaving-cream, we had heard sinister growls from South Coast beaches where a minority of weary citizens were trying to snatch a little respite from torture. Only a minority, to be frank, because masses of the populace have become so doped by noise of all kinds that they accept it as normal and are uneasy without it. In our own experience the modern English peasant finds the sweet hush of a rural Sunday morning so intolerable that he sits up all night by his wireless, joyously switching it on full blast as soon as Radio Normandy or Luxembourg comes through with the first negroid howlings, which is somewhere — unless we 're wrong— about 8 a.m.

Exclusive

THESE bloodshot old eyes rested pensively for some time last week on an ad. illustrating a portable A.R.P. shelter " for the Protection of Key Men," whose important torsos the makers guarantee to render immune in an air-raid from all falling masonry, flying glass, and incendiary bombs. The shelter, shaped like a steel diving-bell, holds one Key Man only and has a little seat on which the Key Man may sit superb at ease while the dirt is flying and while chaps like us are cowering in the glory-hole among the brooms and dusters, with all the other no-accounts. It would soothe us considerably during an air raid to know that the Key Man (Slogger Macdonell, as it might be) was employing his time in seclusion by thinking big and planning wide, taking a broad view and exploring fresh avenues, his frame meanwhile secure from harm. Actually there seems to be enough room in this shelter for one Key Man and a slim secretary, probably a blonde, who would have to sit on the Key Man's knee while jotting down his inspired notes and constructive suggestions, unless he is one of those Key Men to whom the routine City custom of having a secretary sitting on one's knee (to save time) connotes Romance; a ridiculous thing for any Key Man to imagine, unless he is a maladjusted introvert.

Half an hour or so after the " all clear," we take it, the Chairman of Directors (or, say, the Editor) will come up in the lift from his luxurious underground quarters, 80 feet down, and make a personal tour of the Key Men's shelters,

tapping on their doors and summoning them forth with the ideas they have been hatching during the bombardment. In very few cases, we fear, will the shy opening of the door reveal that Love has conquered all, and in any case we shan't be there to offer our congratulations.

Vulpicide

HOLDING up the corpse of a fox she had just shot, a trousered film-actress who lives on the borders of Hampstead Heath was extensively photographed by the evening papers recently, and very bright and gay about the whole thing she looked. Apparently foxes are being regularly shot on the Heath just now. The nearest Hunt of any importance being—or so we conjecture offhand, and blowed if we 'll look it up—the Whaddon Chase, Lord Rosebery and his pack should probably have been given first refusal by all the laws of sport. However, this outbreak of vulpicide makes a good topic for the cheeriweerie boys, who can work up a nice laughable piece about purple Masters bursting violently asunder in the Shires on seeing the actress's picture; the more violently since, as she laughingly admitted to the reporters, the crime was a double one. For the fox was a sitter. She bumped him off from her bedroom window at 40 feet as he sat contentedly licking his chops after devouring three of her pet rabbits.

The actual situation being, so far as we know it, that fox-hunters nowadays no more rave over a case of vulpicide than they rave over a fellow-member of their Hunt's being jugged for forgery. They may swell slightly, they may grind their teeth a little, they may even roll their eyes perceptibly, but they don't raise Cain as they presumably did in Surtees' or Whyte-Melville's time. (We say " presumably " because so far as our creaking memory serves, vulpicide is not mentioned by either of these authors. They have heard of it, of course, just as Jane Austen had heard, no doubt, of incest or bigamy, but mentioning such things in print is another matter.) The reason for this modern quietism, so strange in men who are governed like their predecessors by rage and fear and whose normal mode of self-expression is a lurid and passionate bawling, no Harley Street psychologist has yet published.

Showdown

WITH the customary pseudo-Druidic gambols, the Welch National Eisteddfod opened its proceedings once more in Glamorgan the other day. We 've already said enough in these pages about what the judicious call Von Herkomer's Ramp for you to gather that the Victorian tomfoolery of the Gorsedd diverts us, as Celts, excessively. This year, we were pleased and surprised to observe, we do not laugh alone. A chap whose name we 've irritatingly forgotten wrote a nice satiric piece in the *Evening Standard* demonstrating that there is only one thing more bogus than the Gorsedd ceremonial, and that is the Highland Games and the Cult of the Sacred Kilt generally; the kilt—so this chap averred—being unknown in Scotland till George the Fourth suddenly discovered he had Stuart blood. Whether the saffron kilt worn by the pipers of the Irish Guards and at least one Irish peer turned out to be equally flafla we don't remember. The whole thing was a rollicking crack at a kind of poohbah to which some Celts are curiously prone. Not all Celts, of course. The Bretons are too sensible to toy with the bogus, the Cornish too dumb, and the poor Manx have been dead for many years, alas!

We didn't know before—did you?—that Prince Charles Edward (whom we greatly admire) never wore a kilt, and that the familiar portrait is therefore about as authentic as Hollywood's idea of the Eleusinian Mysteries. And speaking of Greece, we wonder if those ample white kilts the modern Evzones wear so dashingly have any longer pedigree? At least they don't expose their great bony knees.

Maelstrom

MORE hard-faced sweethearts are flogging the ball at Wimbledon this season than ever before, our special lawn-tennis spy reports. Moreover, those Wimbledon babies who aren't born with pans like a thunderstorm over the Sahara are now trained by their coaches to terrify the world, judging by an interview with one poor girl we read recently. Quite a young fresh girl she was off the courts; just an innocent round-faced English rose. On the courts her pan goes automatically hard, grim, and scowly. Infinitely less frightening than the females, reports our spy, is the Afghan Davis Cup player, Ghaus Mohammed, a cheerful sportsman who seeks no vengeance, carries no knife—though according to one of the gossip-boys, his family has had an enjoyable vendetta on its hands in the mountains of the Hindu Kush for a hundred years—and is altogether a personality far less aggressive, we gather, than Mr. " Bunny " Austin, the Buchmanite Boy Bombshell, whose recent moral rearmament drive has had such a striking effect on the Americans; or hasn't, we forget which.

The great Wimbledon film has yet to be made, full of the clash of the titanic wills of enormous leathery girls, of violent feuds and tigerish amiabilities, of rackets of every brand, of mystic hands showering invisible gifts unawares on elaborately unconscious British amateurs. The simple traditional old Hollywood formula, slightly adapted, would probably be as good a fundamental theme as any: girl meets girl, girl bites off girl's ear, girl loses 6—0, 6—0. We should look eagerly for the Great Wimbledon Kiss sequence, after which both participants are rushed to hospital.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Unfortunately, with this next item we are forced to include Mr. Hunter's great-uncle "

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Hard-drinking historian with hard-drinking wife and priggish secretary, Peter (Hubert Gregg), David (Robert Harris) and Joan (Catherine Lacey)

"After the Dance" (St. James's)

MR. TERENCE RATTIGAN, author of *French Without Tears*, most certainly cannot be said to have "done it again." If you go to his second play expecting a repetition of the hearty laughter evoked by his first, you will find yourself surprised. True, in *After the Dance* there are plenty of light passages and "good lines." But at the end of the second act there is a suicide, Miss Catherine Lacey throwing herself out of a window in the middle of a party. At the fall of the final curtain there are preparations for what looks very like another suicide by Mr. Robert Harris. The theme is serious. The prevailing atmosphere is one of disappointment and unhappiness. English, in short, with Tears. Leaving behind an impression that Mr. Rattigan, though we may prefer his gaiety to his gravity, is by no means a one-play playwright.

Two sets are here contrasted. There is the older post-war set, good for nothing now, still clinging pathetically to cocktails as the elixir of youth, still moving to the ghostly echoes of an old Charleston. This set is represented by Mrs. Scott-Fowler, persisting in her old cynical butterfly ways because she believes that this is how her husband, to whom she is secretly devoted, likes her; by Mr. Scott-Fowler, who is now secretly aware that he will never be anything but a second-rate writer, so pass the gin and let cirrhosis of the liver take its course; and by John Reid, flaneur, flat-jester, hanger-on, sponger, not certainly a good sort, but not a bad sort of a bad sort. Although Mr. Rattigan does not quite make us believe in these people, he views them humanely, taking no partial view.

The younger set, serious, purposeful, bomb-conscious, is mainly represented by Mr. Scott-Fowler's secretary, a poor relation than whom no human being would seem to have less sense of humour, unless it be his fiancée, Helen Banner - Banner by name, Banner by nature, for, falling in love with Mr. Scott-Fowler, she will tell him the truth about himself, turn him teetotal, restore him to industry, and bring out all that is best in him. Mr. Scott-Fowler responds. Mrs. Scott-Fowler shrugs her shoulders, because that is the code, and kills herself, because the code is unendurable. And in his last act, six months later, Mr. Rattigan demonstrates how hard it is for little prigs with the best intentions to reform middle-aged men, and how hard it is for middle-aged men with the best intentions to be reformed by them.

Sketches by Rouson

The lotus-eater gets a job: Arthur, a window-cleaner from Manchester (Henry Caine) and John, a parasite (Martin Walker)

Right: Young ingénue—but hard as nails: Helen Banner (Anne Firth)

THE piece seems to suffer as a whole from a failure to enlist sympathy. This, in comedy, may be a virtue, but in tragedy is a serious defect. Neither Mr. Scott-Fowler nor his secretary rises above the level of a "case." Mr. Robert Harris and Mr. Hubert Gregg do not interest us very deeply in their nervous tension. Helen Banner, as indicated, is a prig, and Miss Anne Firth rightly does not appear to try to make her anything else. Mr. Martin Walker, as John Reid, lounges around amusingly and not unamiably, but his function is merely that of an onlooker. As the second act progresses, one does, it is true, begin to feel for Mrs. Scott-Fowler, but her disappearance at the end of it removes our only possible source of identification. This is doubly unfortunate, since Miss Catherine Lacey's performance is by far the most subtle and delicate thing of the evening. The last act is left rather barren without her.

Gentlemen!

your Johnnie Walker—

That's what we call service! However many racquets a champion may need, for real refreshment he need only order a Johnnie Walker. Why is Johnnie Walker so refreshing? Because every whisky in the blend—and that includes all Scotland's finest whiskies—is chosen for some special individual quality, which is actually enhanced by the blending. If it's a matter of men's doubles—make them Johnnie Walker.

Deauville Decor

. . . For beachcombing, a background of blue and white and yellow; for racing and golf and polo, a background of green trees and gold-splashed shadows. . . . In front of the gay beauty of "La Plage Fleurie" move the actors of Deauville's "summer revue," a mainly Anglo-French cast of socialites, supremely elegant, connoisseurs in the art of living their leisure hours well. The programme is long, full and varied. An aerial rally (July 15th-17th), a golf tournament week (July 10th-17th), concerts by Kreisler and Horowitz, thirty-five days of racing, culminating in the Grand Prix de Deauville (August 27th) — these are some of the items that intersperse the nightly drama played round the casino tables, the morning comedy of bathing and sun-bathing. The English, when they don't arrive in yachts, as befits a race of milords, usually make their entry by air. That way the journey takes only fifty-five minutes, and there is a special Monday morning exit 'plane for week-enders. . . . The curtain is already up (i.e., the big hotels are all open) . . .

Young Marrieds at Home

Mr. and Mrs. John de Laszlo

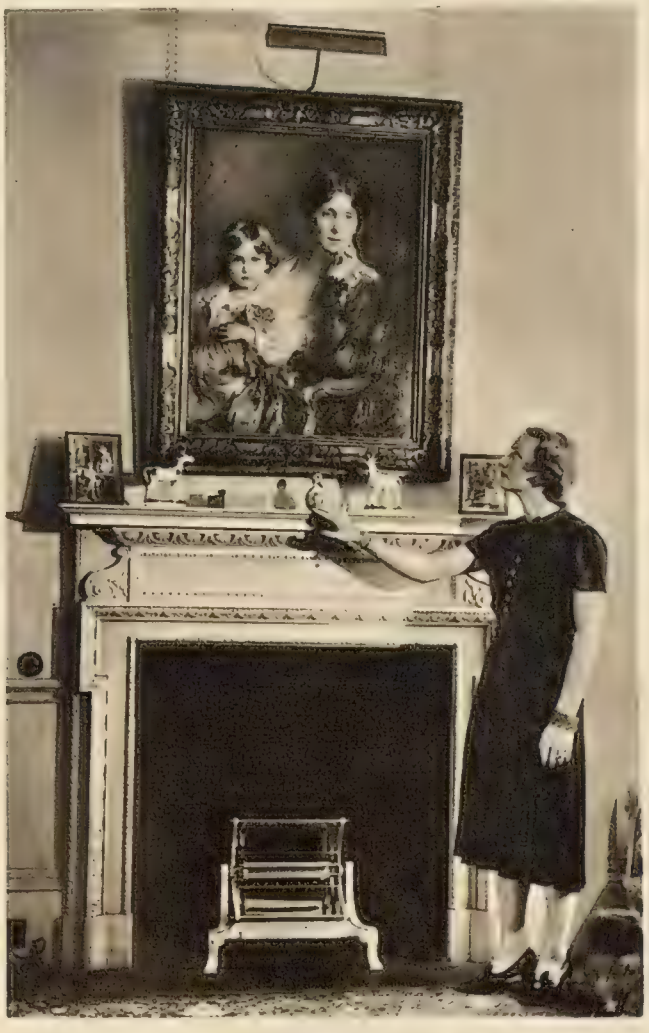
Photographs by Swaebe

John de Laszlo and Peggy Cruise were married last February, and are now settled into their house near Regent's Park which, according to Mrs. de Laszlo, they "found one evening in the rain." Here they have got Mr. de Laszlo's collection of his father's pictures. He is the youngest son of the late Philip de Laszlo, is on the Stock Exchange, likes travelling and cine-photography. Mrs. de Laszlo herself loves painting but since she married into the artistic family is rather shy about it. But about the ballet which she also loves she is on sure ground, having studied for some years with Mme. Pruzina. She is the daughter of Sir Richard Cruise, the ophthalmic surgeon, and Margery, Lady Cruise

Mrs. de Laszlo Waters the Roof Garden

She Darns Her Ballet Shoes

The de Laszlos, posed with their Pekinese Winkle, in his study, which is "panelled" with a deceptive wood-grain paper. It was the only room they redecorated in their new house



They own a number of his father's paintings, including this portrait of John de Laszlo himself as a small boy, with his mother. It hangs over the drawing-room mantelpiece

Five Engagements

Catherine Bell

Miss Bay Helen Brownell

Bay Helen Brownell *and Antony Brett announced their engagement in May. He is the only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Maurice Brett, and Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare), of 2, Tilney Street, W.1. She is the elder daughter of the late Charles Neville Brownell, of Birkenhead and Calcutta, and Mrs. Dixon, of 31, Tregunter Road, S.W.10*

Catherine Bell

Miss Babette Talbot Baines

Alice Mary Best *is the elder daughter of the Hon. James and Mrs. Best, of Hincknowle, Melplash, Dorset, and a niece of Lord Wynford. She is engaged to Christopher Wentworth Dilke, youngest son of Sir Fisher Dilke, Bt., and Lady Dilke, of Lepe Point, Exbury, Southampton*

Astra Babette Talbot Baines *is the elder daughter of the late Capt. Matthew Talbot Baines, of Heronswood, Beckley, Sussex, and Mrs. Talbot Baines, of 61, Holland Park, W. Her fiancé is James Ballantyne (Hamish) Currie, younger son of Sir William and Lady Currie, of Dinton Hall, Aylesbury, Bucks.*

Faver

Miss Hope Madden

Hope Madden, *engaged last month, is being married on July 27th at Brompton Oratory to John Batten, only son of Lt.-Col. J. B. Batten, of Avonsleigh, Pennington, Hants., and Mrs. Hope Johnstone, of Rachills, Lockerbie. She is the third daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, Bt., and Lady Madden, of Broadstone, Forest Row, Sussex*

Nancy Malcolmson, *after a public engagement of just over a month, is being married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 20th, to Capt. Richard Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Royal Scots Greys, only son of Sir FitzRoy Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, of Elvetham Hall, Hartley Wintney, Hants. She is the only daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. V. A. Malcolmson, of Aston Bury, Stevenage, Herts., and a niece of Lord Belper*

Vandyk

Miss Alice Mary Best

Lenare

Miss Nancy Malcolmson

Harlip

The Countess of Birkenhead

Here is a new camera-study of Lord Birkenhead's dark, attractive wife. They were married four years ago last May, and have one son, little Viscount Furneaux, who was three in April. They live in Chester Street, off Belgrave Square. Since last year Lord Birkenhead has been P.P.S. to the Foreign Secretary, and also a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. Recently he has been in camp with the Worcestershire and Oxfordshire Yeomanry (100th Brigade, R.A.), in which he and his brother-in-law, Rodney Berry, are subalterns. Lady Birkenhead is the second of Lord and Lady Camrose's four daughters. Earlier this season she and her sister-in-law, Lady Pamela Berry, gave a dance for her husband's debutante cousin, Lindsey Furneaux

Blackmore Park *is in magnificent country at the foot of the Malvern hills. This is the first time women have paraded on its ground. Note the three-line formation which is the new Army Order. Drill is taken by women officers who have received instructions in correct procedure from Territorial N.C.O.s*

Women In Uniform

3. The Auxiliary Territorial Service

The "Bystander" visits the A.T.S. in camp at Blackmore Park as part of our series of pictures dealing with women's activities in the National Service scheme

In Headquarters tent *work the members enrolled as clerks. They must have had previous experience and are mostly professional stenographers. The practical side of military work learnt in camp would enable them to take over in wartime many duties hitherto allotted only to men. Facing the camera here are the Orderly in Chief and the Chief Clerk*

In the Quarter-Master's tent *sit Q.-M. Bond and Assistant Q.-M. Marquis. Their arduous task of camp organisation entails arriving four days early, to receive and check stores and equipment and to approve the lay-out of the camp*

Head of the camp *is Chief Commandant Barton (left), Chief Commandant of North Wales. She was talking to Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Chief Commandant of Cheshire, who visited the camp where about 100 of the women under her command were in training. On the right is Q.-M. Bond*

Camp post-office *is a converted packing-case whence mail is collected twice daily. Posting letters are Volunteer Nancy Jones, a mannequin in civilian life, and Volunteer Millichamp, a farmer and a very good jockey*

The new greatcoat *for officers is cut on exactly the same pattern as a Territorial officer's, and looks extremely smart and business-like as worn by Miss Rita Maxwell, of North Wales. £16 is allowed by the War Office for officers' uniform, but this does not cover the greatcoat. Other members receive uniform free*

The Auxiliary Territorial Service dates from the September crisis, but the War Office had already considered creating a corps of women fully trained in certain kinds of Army duties who could take over men's work in wartime. Since its inception the A.T.S. has accepted a stream of enthusiastic recruits, trained or wishing for training as motor drivers, clerks, cooks, store-keepers. Training consists of a minimum of ten drills a year, and not less than one week's camp. Weekly camp pay is £1 for officers, 10s. for members. Ranks balance with Army ones thus: Controller—Colonel (the only two are the Princess Royal and Lady Violet Astor); Chief Commandant—Lieut.-Colonel; Commandant—Major; Company Commander—Captain; Deputy Company Commander—Lieutenant. The camp visited here was attended by over 400 women of the Western Command, under Chief Commandant Barton. (More pictures are on the next two pages.) Incidentally, the A.T.S. are the first women to be part of his Majesty's Forces in peacetime—a position of which they are justly proud

Reveillé *is blown by Volunteer Gage, one of the four pupils of Sergeant-Major Edwards. He says bugling is hard for women, but when they can blow one note correctly the others follow quickly*

In the Officers' Mess *there is smoking and newspaper-reading after lunch, bridge, letter-writing and the wireless after dinner. The quartet above are Acting Company Commander Cotes Preedy, Deputy Company Commanders Laird, Maxwell and Adshead. In front, below, are Senior Commandant Heaton, Chief Commandant Barton, Deputy Company Commander Davies Cooke, and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Chief Commandant of Cheshire. Her A.D.C. is on the extreme right*

Women in Uniform

3. The Auxiliary Territorial Service *(Continued)*

Store-keeper *Barford checks over tinned foods in a corner of the storeroom. Many who enrol in the A.T.S. have had experience of stock-keeping in shops which is useful in their Army life*

Waitress *E. Jones takes the bread-and-butter-pudding from Sergeant-Cook C. Hall in the officers' mess kitchen. Both are novices at their jobs but are rapidly becoming efficient and have taken to Army life like born soldiers*

Potato-peeler *is Volunteer Wynne from North Wales, who likes camping much better than factory life*

Fatigue-party *with a difference over their sunshine potato-peeling their training to have given up the*

Sergeants' dinners *are cooked in the sergeants' mess kitchen—the rotund row of steaming cookers on the left*

Volunteers' kitchen *caters for over 300 hungry creatures. The cooks work in two shifts, 6.30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 2 p.m. to 9 p.m. and also attend parades when the dinner permits. Sergeant-Cook Collinson and two of her staff are on duty at the stove below*

ese Welsh girls are as gay as larks
Many volunteers are keen enough on
ar's holiday to this fortnight in camp

Dinner parade *brings the Volunteers two by two, each carrying her own plate, mug, knife, fork and spoon which she keeps in her tent and washes up after meals, to save cookhouse work*

Cooking and washing-up are always important—often much too important—parts of camp life. But in the A.T.S. camp at Blackmoor Park they have a different kind of importance, since these humdrum duties are part of the training for which members specifically enrol. Trained cooks and storekeepers are among those specially asked for as recruits, and both they and the novices have to learn the work from an Army point of view before they are qualified to replace men in war-time

Head-cook *Davies is a cheerful individual who knows her job thoroughly, having had cooking-training both privately and in the Army. Novices go to Army depots for training under Army cooks*

Washing-up *is done whenever possible in the open air. Every member of the kitchen staff has practical experience, while in camp, of every kind of kitchen work, and like all the other volunteers, they receive full instructions in Army discipline and physical training*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Professor Julian Huxley, F.R.S.

"Famous grandson of a famous grandfather," "brightest of our bright young professors," or even "elder brother of Aldous, the writer" are pieces of journalese that Julian Huxley has to bear with other penalties of fame. They are, of course, all true. He is Thomas Henry Huxley's grandson, he was assistant-professor at twenty-six, and his father, Leonard Huxley, also fathered the author of *Brave New World*. Julian Sorell Huxley was born in 1887, went to Eton as King's Scholar and Balliol as Brakenbury Scholar, won the Newdigate, got a first in Nat. Sci. (Zoology) and a College lectureship. That 's a pretty cannon-ball start for a career and it has not been belied; it carried him to the Rice Institute in Texas till he came back to serve as staff lieutenant, G.H.Q., Italy; after the war came a Fellowship of New College, whence he organised and headed the university expedition to Spitsbergen; then he descended on London, held some good posts at King's College and the Royal Institute, edited the biology in an edition of the *Enc. Brit.*, supervised some nature films. In 1935 he became secretary of the Zoological Society, and there he still reigns, having notably brightened the publicity and culinary sides at Regent's Park and Whipsnade. Meanwhile a stream of publications come regularly from his pen, including a book of verse. He married a Neuchâteloise, Marie Baillot, in 1919, and they have two sons

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New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Broadway Blues

THE blight that has fallen upon the theatre this month has left only the hardiest productions standing up and taking a bow. In this Darwinian struggle for existence *Leave It to Me* goes on its merry way, with a spot of story by the Spewacks and Cole Porter's lyrics. William Gaxton and Victor Moore, as the newspaper editor and the reluctant Ambassador to Russia, are as fast and funny as they were in *Of Thee I Sing*. Sophie Tucker, who was once billed as "the Mary Garden of Ragtime"—that was a while ago, as you have guessed—and more currently esteemed for her red-hot momma songs, gets over some pleasing innuendoes by inflexion, particularly in her instructions to her daughters. A young woman from Texas by the name of Mary Martin wears a fur coat and little else, while stopping the show as she sings that her heart belongs to Daddy. This sound and not at all solid entertainment proves that if you are the best of a class you will last the longest through a drought spell, or something like that, and *Leave It to Me* continues to be very good indeed.

The cast of the bright and intimate revue, *One for the Money*, is taking a vacation during these dull weeks, but expects to come back to work soon. This is the revue developed by Nancy Hamilton "for the classes," and it has the same sort of amiable amateurishness of material which has distinguished the revue of the masses, *Pins and Needles*. The production of Labour Stage, however, has more exciting subjects to discuss. Some new numbers have been added, and the company is moving to a larger house and cutting prices as well. The cast is assembled from members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, but the carriage trade appears regularly in the audience. A new number satirizes labour's recent difficulties, in the C.I.O.-A.F. of L. struggle, by a song about Mama Green and Papa Lewis. *Sunday in the Park* continues to tell the story of all the simple workers in the world who go to the park on Sunday to sit on the grass and have to go home again when the rain begins to fall. With this production now in its second year, Labour Stage is planning a second production for the fall, a serious one this time, called *Altgeld of Illinois*.

Hepburn into Her Own

THROUGH these weeks when theatre managers have been praying for rain, to drive the crowds back from the Fair, Katharine Hepburn has been playing to a crowded house in *The Philadelphia Story*. Earlier in the season Phillip Barry's excursion into philosophy in *Here Come the Clowns* left the cash customers pretty baffled, but this new comedy is in the best Barry tradition. A wealthy and spoiled young woman, Miss Hepburn, learns about love and life on the eve of her second wedding, forgives her wandering father, gives up her working-man hero, and finds that there are good men in all classes, even the so-called upper classes.

The Philadelphia Story is smart drawing-room comedy, with crisp and vigorous lines and Katharine Hepburn's performance establishes this time that she can leave Hollywood for Broadway whenever she likes. The mannerisms that were so trying in some of her films have disappeared, she shows vigour, grace, and occasionally a genuinely luminous moment.

Grapes of Wrath

JOHN STEINBECK'S new novel is at the top of the best-seller list and plans to film it go ahead on the West Coast. It tells the story of that pitiful caravan of the hopeful who many years too late continue to follow the advice to "go west, young man." All California has had for these migrants has been the exploitation of seasonal labour and the degradation of squatter colonies. Steinbeck has seen the colour and the vitality of marginal lives. He writes his novels with a strong sense of the theatre, so that his *Mice and Men* came to the stage almost unchanged. *Grapes of Wrath* is strong with compassion and on a broader scale in its survey of social questions.

A ferment is working in Hollywood, as shown by this purchase, and by the fact that Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here* is at last being made, after several years of jitters over this account of the coming of a Fascist dictatorship to the United States.

Dr. Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Mrs. Lindbergh was in cap and gown after receiving an honorary Doctorate of Letters at the University of Rochester, N.Y. The day before she was similarly honoured by Amherst University. Her two books, "North to the Orient" and "Listen! the Wind," earned her these honours. She and Colonel Lindbergh and their small sons Jon and Land have been in America since the end of April

The Fair's Eight Millions

AS the eight millionth person went through the Fair gates, two helium-filled balloons were released carrying four pounds of earth from the Fair grounds. Scientists at the American Museum of Natural History's Theatre of Time and Space watched the balloons rise toward the stratosphere where they will explode. The idea was to spray the stratosphere with exposition dust; finders of the balsa-wood plaques attached to each bag will be given a reward.

Henry and Edsel Ford came to the Fair with more than 6000 guests to celebrate the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Ford Motor Company and the 27,000,000th Ford automobile which went on display.

The General Motors' display continues to draw great crowds, so that many wait in line hour after hour and come out declaring that "it was worth it." The waiting lines are sometimes so great as to make it difficult for visitors to get into other buildings.

The warm weather has made life easier for the boys and girls in Billy Rose's surprisingly beautiful *Aquacade*. When the Fair opened the swimmers probably felt as though they were breaking the ice every time they plunged in. At one of the last rehearsals the Napoleonic Mr. Rose was heard lecturing the shivering performers, asking were they troupers or were they troupers. The answer is, they were.

A serious young man who has studied at several universities is conducting experiments among his friends by taking them to the girl shows in the amusement section. They go to see the girl in the ice coffin, the girl who wears the doves, the girl's back of glass, etc. He is threatening to start a movement for nude shows throughout the country, but come the fall, perhaps he 'll think of something else to save the world.

Artist, "The Spirit of Tolerance," and Model

Katharine Hepburn has been posing for McClelland Barclay, artist and illustrator, for his poster "The Spirit of Tolerance," created for nation-wide display on Independence Day as part of the Council Against Intolerance campaign. She is acting in "The Philadelphia Story" on the New York stage at the moment; a note on the play and the quality of her performance in it is part of our "New York Letter" this week

Films of the Day

British Thriller—Cheap and Good

By George Campbell

We have had roughly a dozen thrillers since *The Thin Man*. The formula was identical in them all. Brilliant amateur detective (William Powell, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Montgomery, Jack Buchanan, Barry K. Barnes) runs up against a murderer, or counterfeiter, or stealer of first editions—practically the lowest form of life, as my own ravished shelves will prove to anybody interested. In each they are embarrassed by the indiscretions of an ever-loving wife, beautiful and scatty (Myrna Loy, Joan Blondel, Florence Rice, Rosalind Russell, Elsie Randolph, Valerie Hobson). And in each, after a riot of alcohol, flirtation and mayhem, the husband escapes instant death and rounds up the guilty in reel eight with his dumb wife's unexpected aid. The comic possibilities of homicide have been carried so far that Hollywood's craziest comedienne has just been exploited in *The Gracie Allen Murder Case*.

By now the dish is as familiar as yesterday's cold mutton; but as long as it is re-hashed as ingeniously and served up as deftly as in *This Man in Paris*, this department won't complain. Last year a young British producer, Antony Havelock-Allan, and a director not much older, David MacDonald, turned out a Quota picture for £13,500 called *This Man is News*. It delighted the critics and made a lot of money. Now they have made a sequel, which is generally asking for trouble, and have got away with it. For £19,000—hardly enough to keep Cecil B. De Mille three months in nightingales' tongues and gold cuspidors—they have produced a modest little thriller which is a model of slick efficiency. The script was written by the same two Scots, Allan MacKinnon and Roger MacDougall. In young men less talented a habit of haunting the studio in kilts would argue a defective sense of style, like howling for haggis at the Boulestin; but I can forgive these laddies much. Their plots are not brilliant. In fact, there are quite a number of loose ends in *This Man in Paris* which I should like to have seen tidied up. But their characterisation, within the limits of the convention, has sharpness of definition, and their dialogue a nice dry wit.

They have, of course, been lucky. Heaven knows how many clever scripts have been ruined in British studios by semi-literate producers and directors without the slightest feeling for words. Messrs. MacKinnon and MacDougall had the good fortune to fall into the hands of a producer and director talented far above the average. Mr. MacDonald, one of the most brilliant directors in the country, keeps the action moving and the actors under-acting in the best Hollywood manner, and there is nothing in the sets, photography or playing to suggest that the thing cost one-third as much as an average Hollywood programme picture and about one-tenth as much as a super like *Gunga Din*.

The acting, with one or two exceptions, is first-rate. Valerie Hobson, hitherto seen mainly in romantic roles, is as talented as she is beautiful, and I can think of no light comedienne on the screen—not even Miss Loy or Miss Blondel—more adept in putting over a line. Her touch is light as thistledown: she never (in boxing idiom) telegraphs her punches: always the witticism has the air of a genuine impromptu and the charm of the unexpected. She has, moreover, an instinctive breeding that permits her to be natural, in agreeable contrast to rivals either wallowing in the vulgarities of Early Sennett or determined to be Roedean if it kills them.

Mr. Barnes, too, is a pleasantly easy actor, with only one bad mannerism—a habit of not looking at the person to whom he is talking. A much worse offender in the same film is Anthony Shaw, playing a British general so little concerned with the plot that when he keeps bobbing up you immediately become more suspicious than the authors mean you to be.

Alastair Sim can be extraordinarily good or extraordinarily bad, according to whether he over-acts or not. As the Scots news-editor who stays at a pension specialising in Le Porridge and L'Haggis, and is continually harassed by his star reporter's debts, he is a joy. Though the characterisation is hardly new, it is redeemed by fresh writing and the appearance of genuine agony with which Mr. Sim surveys the mounting bills.

Your reactions to *Beethoven* will depend on how much you care about music. For anyone not insensible to the spell of his genius Beethoven's unhappy loves, and still more the tragedy of his deafness, make his story a singularly moving one. Whether the unmusical public, on the other hand, will feel deeply about the amorous frustrations of a man as old and paunchy and unromantic as Harry Baur makes him, is more doubtful. Abel Gance's direction wavers, as usual, between the grand and the merely grandiose.

Film shorts are seldom shown to critics. That is a pity. Of eight new M.-G.-M. one- and two-reelers which you will soon be seeing, at least four have quality. *While America Sleeps* is another *Nazi Spy* in miniature; *Double Diving* is a revelation of the astonishing grace and virtuosity of two simultaneous divers; and if Robert Benchley's *How to Read* is not quite as brilliant as his *How to Sleep*, it is still very, very funny.

Beautiful Sleuth and Her Reporter Husband

"This Man in Paris," sequel to "This Man is News," was last week's best on the screen. Barry K. Barnes as the young reporter is still married to Valerie Hobson as his sleuthing and mischievous wife, and Mr. Barnes is still employed to get a front-page story at all costs by Alastair Sim, the Scots editor who soon finds "all costs" too high. Antony Havelock-Allan, Valerie Hobson's real husband, produced, David Macdonald directed, and Mr. Campbell reviews the film on this page. At the Plaza

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Have you seen the C.Q.M.S. or the M.O. pass here lately?"
"Nao! B.O., yer B.F., can't yer see I'm B.U.S.Y.?"

"Bystander" Short Story

Two Heads are Better Than One

By Conrad Phillips

Illustration by Lowen

THE blonde said: "Thank you for asking me to come over." She sat down beside me near the orchestra. They were playing "You can't stop me from dreaming." The floor was full of dancers, and everybody seemed to be having a good time.

I said: "But I never asked you to come over."

She stared at me in surprise.

"You didn't?" she said.

"No," I said. "I've only just come in."

"There must be a mistake, then," she said.

"There must be," I said.

"What you really mean is that you don't want me here."

"I never said that. I said, I never asked you here."

"Then Mr. Owen must have made a mistake, for he said, pointing to you, 'That gentleman over there wants you to join him in a bottle of champagne.' I said, 'That's hardly possible, Mr. Owen.' He said, 'Oh, how do you make that out?' And I said—I said it just like this." She paused and looked right into my eyes. "'You must be wrong, because gentlemen don't come down here'—ha, ha, ha." She broke off, rocking with laughter. Then she went deadly serious, pouted her full lips and gazed into my eyes like a child who expects a spanking. "Forgive me," she cooed. "Please forgive me."

"That's all right," I said.

The waiter came up then.

"What can I get you, sir?" he said.

"I'll have beer," I said.

"Beer," he brayed, baring his donkey-like teeth. "We don't sell beer, sir. You can have whisky, gin, or champagne."

"Excuse me," the blonde said. "Make it champagne—the best, please."

I was about to say something when she added: "It's all right, I'll pay for it. I detest arguments with all these people around."

"But," I began, and that was as far as I got.

"It's quite all right," she broke in. "All you have to do is to sign the wine order." She looked up at the waiter. "How much?"

"Two pounds," he said.

She opened her bag.

"But I can't permit this," I said.

"All right," she said. "I'll be a sport—I'll toss you to see who pays." She took a coin from her purse. "Heads you pay, tails I do." She spun the coin. It came down heads.

"Shall we dance?" she said, when I'd paid the waiter.

"Why not?" I said. I was carried away. She had me all confused.

"My," she said, resting her head on my shoulder, "you dance divinely. Often go to bottle parties?"

"Not often," I said.

"You're wise. Married?"

"No," I said.

"In love?"

"No," I said.

"Got a girl?"

"No," I said.

"Why don't you get married?"

"Why do you ask that?" I said.

"Well, two heads are better than one—at least, I always found it to be so. But maybe I'm wrong in your case. You look a very exceptional man."

"Do you think so?" I said.

"I do," she said. "You look as if you've got a big heart."

"Really!" I said.

"Yes." She sighed. "I'm wondering," she said, after I had avoided an obese man dancing with a plump brunette.

"What about?" I puffed. It was hot down there.

"Mother," she said. "She's got cancer. Has to have an operation."

"And you haven't the money," I said.

(*Concluded on page* vi.)

Paris—the Grande Semaine

Scottish Countess *and her husband who were in Paris for the Grande Semaine were Lady Seafield and Derek Studley-Herbert, staying at the Ritz. They had a son—their first child—earlier this year, who is heir to the Seafield earldom*

Princess *Alexandra of Greece, looking very summery, went with her mother, Princess Aspasia of Greece, to the annual luncheon held before the Prix des Drags*

Biarritzians *racing at Longchamp were Mr. and Mrs. Ian Campbell. He is the Duke of Argyll's heir-presumptive, she was Mrs. Andrew Vanneck (formerly Louise Clews) before their 1935 marriage*

English Earl and Countess *at the Prix des Drags luncheon were Lord and Lady Hardwicke, photographed with the Vicomtesse d'Espous outside the Georges V. where the lunch was held*

American *Miss Elise Curtis was one of the smartest at the lunch before the Prix des Drags at Auteuil. She is a New Yorker, wintered at St. Moritz*

American Peeress *at the same lunch was Lady Auckland—Mrs. Florence Hart Faure before she married Lord Auckland in April. She is with Lord Fermoy's brother, the Hon. Frank Roche, who lives in Paris*

Hard-Working Prelude

Miss Norah Cleather had all the organising on her hands while Major D. Larcombe, secretary of the All-England Club, was ill. She is his assistant, coped efficiently with the space and time intricacies of court plans

Four Men Went to Mow—Not a Blade of Grass Escaped Them

Congratulations—Avory to Riggs

America's No. 1, E. L. Riggs, shook hands with his opponent as jauntily as he played against him. The English player, E. R. Avory, fought hard, but lost 6—4, 6—4, 6—2. Their match was one of the rain-interrupted ones on Wednesday

Rain—Umbrellas and Tarpaulins

Wednesday's thunder-showers upset several of the players severely, especially those least used to slippery English grass, like Menzel and McNeill. Spectators crouched under umbrellas looking disgruntled; others, like the invisible pair here, made themselves cosy tarpaulin tents until the Centre Court was unveiled again in all its green skiddiness

Defeated Debutante

Miss Jean Nicoll made her Wimbledon debut and her Centre Court debut at the same moment, and in front of Queen Mary. It was too much for the sixteen-year-old, and Miss D. A. Huntbach, Welsh International player, beat her 6—8, 6—4, 6—2. But she walked off cheerfully with her arm over her conqueror's shoulder

France Beat Germany—and They All Bowed to Queen Mary

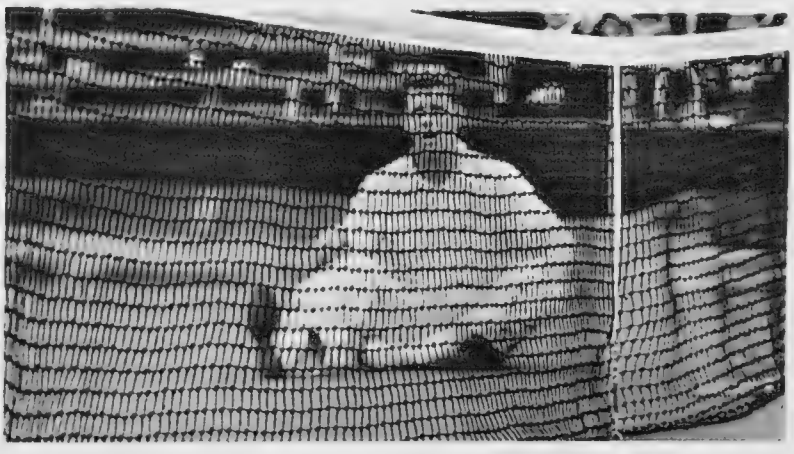
The Borotra-Brugnon—Menzel-Goepfert match was the Centre Court delight on Tuesday, and it's no reflection on the German pair to say the crowd wanted the French veterans to win. But they lost two sets before they won three, and the victory then was largely Brugnon's (here hidden behind his partner). In the singles next day the giant Menzel lost on the slippery grass against the tall Californian schoolmaster, E. Smith

Wimbledon Story

The First Chapters

Mrs. R. T. Ellis (G.B.) (Anita Lizana that was) was one of the sufferers from Wednesday's rain, but even after she put socks over her shoes she couldn't catch up with Miss Gracyn Wheeler (U.S.A.), who beat her 6—3, 7—5. Another American, Mrs. S. Fabyan, won her Wednesday match; she, too, put socks on and defeated Mrs. S. H. Hammersley (G.B.) 6—2, 6—3 in their Centre Court match

D. McNeill, the young American champion of France, who beat his own country's No. 1 in Paris, slipped and fell his way out of the singles last Wednesday. The wet grass worried him more than his opponent, Yugoslavian F. Kukuljevic, and after a particularly bad fall he only got one game in the last set (6—4, 7—5, 6—1)



Abashed American Goes Down to the Weather

Rain—Socks for a Loser, Mrs. Ellis

Rain—Socks for a Winner, Mrs. Fabyan

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The South-Western Championship at Burnham

Miss Dent (left) beat Miss Pam Brown (right) in the second round of the South-Western Championship (in the qualifying rounds they tied for scratch aggregate with 164). Between them is Mrs. Hickman, daughter of the holder, Mrs. C. Beard; she and her mother both lost their second-round matches

WHY does one always feel so happy at Burnham? This is no riddle, but a sober question, because I am far from alone in finding spirits rise the moment the rolling sandhills covered with bent and sea-thorn come into sight. When one crosses the first range of them and sees beyond the wondrous coloured mud-sand stretches and the sea, the coast of West Somerset and the heights of Exmoor, there is a positive impulse to shout for joy. But to shout for any reason when a thirty-six-hole qualifying round is in progress would be unforgivable, and the South-Western Championship does start with that form of slow torture.

It was somewhat mitigated this year by the knowledge that only eight of the total entry must fail to be included in the thirty-two; by the perfect condition of the course, run on the ball, grass on the greens; above all, by the kindly weather conditions, summery without excessive heat. It was only when the match-play began the second day and tees were put back, that the wind grew troublesome.

THE talk of the first day—as well it might be—was Mrs. Hickman's 77 in the morning. As Miss Kitty Beard, she was, not so very long ago, one of the promising youngsters of the Girls' Championship. Now she has suddenly come back to the game again full of promise, hitting the ball with a new vigour and crispness that is most refreshing to see. L.G.U. par is 76; after her morning 77 she was out in 37 after lunch, but there was rather a collapse coming in, so that she slipped into third place, with 165, the first going to two Devonites, who were 164—Miss Dent, past champion of the county, and Miss Pam Brown, possibly a future one. Even so, Devon failed by a stroke to win the inter-county championship on three scores, Somerset achieving this for the first time.

Who says that stroke-play is devoid of excitement? What about Miss Shelagh Gibbs, who imperilled her chances of qualifying very seriously with 98 in the morning, got out in a brilliant 37 after lunch, but again frittered until she only scraped into twenty-fifth place? And golf must have been a considerable excitement to Miss Vivienne Bramwell, the ex-Gloucestershire champion, after several weeks without a round, polo at Olympia, and that game played to within fifteen hours of appearing on the first tee at Burnham. To fill fifth place, only four strokes behind the leaders, was a really sporting effort under those circumstances.

Mrs. Bridges won afternoon honours with 81, after a tie with Miss Brown, and handicap ones went in a bunch to Miss Nicholson, whom Burnhamites connect more with a horse than a hole. It is splendid to see golf played well by folk who do not make the game their sole object in life—a most refreshing sight at the end of a long season.

AND how efficiently everything was run without any apparent red tape. There is only one complaint to be made at Burnham: it is not an easy course for the dodging spectator. I wanted to see why Miss Roskrow so repeatedly wins the Cornish Championship; why Miss Foster won the Devon this year—the respective answers being power in the one case, the short game in the other; how Miss Brown would shape; how Mrs. Beard would defend her title or Mrs. Hickman make a bid to succeed her mother; how Lady Katharine Cairns was playing, and a great many others as well. The answer to the last was "excellently": she was out in 37 when she beat Mrs. Hickman and held on to her lead persistently. Mrs. Beard seemed less blown about than most in the morning (though Miss Davies made a great bid to come up from behind) but could not withstand Miss Soper after lunch. Miss Gibbs was extremely brilliant now and again. Here we go to press with the sun setting on the last eight—namely, Mrs. Skrimshire, Miss Gibbs, Miss Dent (who took the chances given by Miss Brown's bad putting), Miss Bramwell, an easy winner both times, Miss Roskrow, who was runner-up last year and may well win this, Miss Soper, Mrs. Dickinson and Lady Katharine Cairns.

BEFORE coming west there was the desperate encounter between Northern and Southern Veterans at Beaconsfield to prove that all the good golfers do not by a long way live south of Trent, nor are under fifty years old. After lunch, square on the singles, the North won all the foursomes, and so squared the series with the South, whom they had beaten for the first time on a southern course. Mrs. Beard had a triumph in that, for she beat Mrs. Temple Dobell, who had swept the board the day before at the Veterans' meeting, with a gross 76 round Ealing, par 75, and Miss Doris Chambers, keeping up the Cheshire reputation, had the sixteen holes of her match at Beaconsfield in level fours. The whole day was full of enthusiasm; as Mrs. Dobell put it, there is something very stimulating about joining the Veterans and starting again, brought down from the shelf and dusted, instead of being thrust to the back of the cupboard.

It was the day following that Surrey got home from Bucks and so qualified for the County finals at Ganton. Six to one was the score, Mrs. Style at the twenty-first Bucks' only winner, but there was some good fighting, and Mrs. Kidd at the top; only losing 2 and 1 to Miss Pam Barton showed what it means to have been runner-up in the Irish. Granted that Miss Barton was full of reaction after Portrush, this was a great effort on Mrs. Kidd's part.

South-Western Championship players: Mrs. Wills, Miss B. Soper, Mrs. M. F. Bridge, the Hon. Mrs. Wason, Mrs. Hickman, Mrs. Collier. Of the group only Miss Soper, who beat the holder, Mrs. C. Beard, survived into the third round

Miss Vivienne Bramwell, fresh from polo, which she played at Olympia, met Miss Roskrow in the final at Burnham. With her are her whippet Champion Sandboy, unbeaten for his five years on the bench, and Sand Beauty

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret with the Sixteen Competitors They Defeated in the Bath Club Competitions

Princess Elizabeth won the Children's Challenge Shield Competition for girls over nine and under fourteen years of age. In this group are (back row) Anne Barlow, Sally Backus, Penelope Hawkings, Claire Bull and Rosemary Grimston; (front row) H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Katherine Coke, June Barrie, Maureen Dillon, and Holman Richards

The Children's Challenge Cup for children under nine years of age was won by Princess Margaret. She is on the extreme right of the front row in this picture and her opponents were (back row) Rosemary Barrie, Iris Barlow, Romayne Drury, and Diana Bull; (front row) Clare Douglas, Mark Hawkings, and John Eccles

Sportfolio: Bath Club Swimming and Stage Golf

Two More Winners at the Bath Club

Venetia Fripp was winner of the Ladies' Championship of the Bath Club for the fifth year in succession. She also won it in 1933. Prunella Clough-Taylor won the Ladies' Challenge Shield Competition

Stage Golfers at Addington

Mrs. Wynne Davis and Robert Douglas tied with Mrs. Gregory and Roy Royston with two up. The match, decided on the last nine holes, went to the former pair, who beat the latter three up against one up

Louise Rivière and Leslie Banks returned a score of two down. The occasion was the mixed foursomes competition of the Stage Ladies' Golfing Society

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Prospects of the Open

THE entries for the championships and other important golf events have not been so numerous this year as they usually are, but, with the exception of the absence of Cecil Ewing from the Amateur championship and A. H. Padgham from the Open championship, nearly everyone with a chance of winning has entered. Padgham forgot to enter for the Open championship until after the closing date.

It is really rather extraordinary that professional golfers should forget to enter for the most important event, financially and otherwise, of the year. Percy Alliss forgot to enter last year and also in 1933, when the Open championship was last played at St. Andrews. In 1933 he was very lucky, as a man who thought that he might win, when casually looking through the entries, noticed that his name was not down and immediately telegraphed him. Alliss sent his entry in just in time and then, sad to relate, failed to get through the qualifying stage.

Padgham this year would have had a very good chance of winning, as the Old Course suits his type of play, and as he has now played himself back to the form which won him so many tournaments in 1936. He was only three strokes behind the winner, Densmore Shute, at St. Andrews in 1933.

A total of 254 entries was received this year, and this is only fourteen less than at Royal St. George's last year, and, with the exception of one or two Americans, practically everyone of golfing importance has entered.

LAWSON LITTLE, who won the Amateur championship and the American Amateur championship in both 1934 and 1935, and then turned professional, arrived in this country in good time for strenuous practice at St. Andrews. In 1934 he beat Cyril Tolley in the Walker Cup match, which was played on the Old Course at St. Andrews, by seven and five, and with J. Goodman as his partner, defeated Tolley and R. H. Wethered in the foursomes by eight and six, so there is no doubt at all that he can play the course, which many, including Americans, have found a very difficult proposition.

Another entry is A. D. Locke, who failed twice to win the Amateur championship, being beaten by Morton Dykes, at St. Andrews, in 1936, and by Lionel Munn, at Sandwich, in 1937. He has been playing in this country for some weeks, and also gave himself ample time for practice at St. Andrews. Locke is decidedly longer and also a better putter than he was when he last played in this country. Lack of length was the main cause of his defeat by Dykes in 1936, but it will certainly not be responsible for his failure this year. He is the holder of the South African and New Zealand Open championships, and has lately won the Dutch Open championship on the course of the Kennemer Golf and Country Club at Zandvoort with the wonderful scores of 71, 70, 69 and 71. I consider the latter the best thing he has done in golf, as the course at Zandvoort is an extremely good test of the game (it is rather like Royal St. George's was before it became inland golf), and is always in first-class condition, due to Dr. Diemer Kool, the secretary, who is an expert on grasses and greenkeeping.

HENRY COTTON, who has lately got engaged, and who could not manage to win anything in this country last year, looks like having a very good year. He has already won the *Daily Mail* tournament, after a tie with A. Compston, and finished at the top of the League with Charles Whitcombe in the Penfold tournament, and was only four shots behind the winner, Padgham, in the "Silver King" tournament; in the latter he was at a great disadvantage, as he was giving a music-hall turn every night during it.

Cotton has had his usual strict preparation and has had ample practice at St. Andrews. It is also greatly in his favour that he was only, like Padgham, three strokes behind the winner in 1933. That year there was a tremendous finish in the Open championship, as with one round to be played there were at least sixteen players with good chances of winning, but they all collapsed, one after the other, and allowed Densmore Shute and Craig Wood to tie. There are many courses which suit Cotton much better than the Old Course, and there is no doubt that his chance will be greatly improved if wet weather is experienced.

Percy Alliss seems to have struck a bad patch, but this does not by any means make it certain that he will not be at the top of his game at St. Andrews. So many people, if you can believe them, play all their best rounds before a championship, and not during it. Alliss has certainly not done this, and may possibly be at his best at the very time he wants to be.

Alfred Perry, who has won an Open championship in Scotland—namely, the one held at Muirfield, in 1935—has been playing really well lately, and has been quietly getting himself to the peak of his game; he must have as good a chance of winning as anyone.

WE have not seen very much of the Argentines, but we have seen sufficient to make it clear that they are all extremely capable golfers. They have already done well in the *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament, and in the French Open championship, at Le Touquet, which was won by one of them, M. Posé, who returned a card of 68 in the last round to win by one shot, a very fine score on a very fine course.

Every Open championship played at St. Andrews since the war has resulted in the cup going to the United States of America. The winners have been "Jock" Hutchison, R. T. Jones, and Densmore Shute. I cannot see the cup going to the Argentine, and as an Englishman has not won since John Henry Taylor's victory in 1900, it is surely an Englishman's turn this year, and there are several who are capable of winning.

The Putting Tournament at Royal Wimbledon—Some of the Players

Twenty-five teams entered for Wimbledon's new idea in golf competitions, and played four heats with a final on Friday. Captain G. T. Stewart was one of Denham's four players, and D. S. Allom was in the Walton Heath team

L. C. Nunnerley (Walton Heath) and J. D. Kerr (Denham) were the pair whose match the "Times" golf correspondent chose to describe in delicious detail last Wednesday. They halved with a score of 1 over 2's. Bogey was 36 for the eighteen holes. A win scored 2 points, a halved match 1 point

J. W. Wilson and D. H. Anthony played for Royal Wimbledon "H," who won the second pool. The other three teams who played in the semi-finals and final on Friday were Wimbledon Park, Royal Mid-Surrey, and Royal Wimbledon "F"

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Who's Who in Asia

By V. S. Pritchett

MR. JOHN GUNTHER wanted to call his new popular *Who's Who* of the Orient "Outside Asia," on the honest ground that no Westerner could be "inside" that continent. One can be "inside" Europe because Europe is an entity; there is no common heritage for, say, the Indians and the Japanese. But to be an outsider looking in on Asia is no bad thing. The celebrated W. H. Donald, the Australian adviser to Chiang Kai Shek, who, after thirty years of China, still refuses to speak Chinese, to eat Chinese food or to pay one scrap of attention to "face" and the general mystery of Chinese life, probably knows as much about modern China as anyone. Better a bad accent than wrong or pretentious intuitions. This is not an age of sensibility and literature; it is all will, war and the rough-and-ready estimates of journalism.

So *Inside Asia* (Hamish Hamilton; 12*s.* 6*d.*) it is, a more solid book than the other, with fewer personalities and more characters. Lived in 1937 and 1938, the range of the book is enormous. Mr. Gunther begins with Japan, goes on to China, the Philippines, Malaya, the Dutch empire, India, Palestine, and Arabia; in each he sums up the situation and digs up lively stuff about the important people, and he does this in his own very personal way. The most valuable and uncomfortable chapters, I think, are those which deal with Japan. They do not replace full-length books like W. H. Chamberlain's, G. F. Hudson's, or Miss Utley's, of course, but they give an excellent account of the ruling groups in Japanese life. I said the East has no common denominator; but in one sense it has this general character, shared with South America—causes are vested in personalities.

The Japanese are a loathsome subject for English reading. Distressingly, they look like ourselves minus our indolence. But for our laziness we would be the most intolerable people on earth. The Japanese have our habit of calling things by the wrong names. People who call the present war "the Chinese incident" are unpleasantly like ourselves who invent philological jokes like "non-intervention" and who call our private schools public. Again, the Japanese have a public mysticism, directed notably to the person of the Emperor. Those who have struggled to understand the relation of Church and State and Throne in England will find a harsher Oriental echo here. The perpetual rain, the love of convention, the mysterious, indefinable governing class, the feeling for blandness and hypocrisy and suburban gardening—such traits of the Japanese ought to endear them to us. And we, like them, have little originality but tend to imitate. There is always a duality of mind in mystics; their left hand never knows what the right hand is up to. There is no check. It is said that mysticism goes with hunger; hungry peoples, like the Spaniards, were certainly notable producers of this kind of nature, and it is interesting to note that the Japanese hunger is ravenous and ancient. One wonders how far the Japanese character could be altered by a change of diet. Mr. Gunther says the excess of iodine (in the shape of raw fish) in their food, and the fact that their thyroids are over-developed, make them touchy. I would have said that their diet, rather than the multitude of signs in their language, has given them their notoriously bad eyesight.

Leonide Massine

This "Tricorne" action picture of Massine comes from the book of camera-studies by Gordon Anthony of the great dancer and choregrapher which has just been published by Routledge (25s.). Sacheverell Sitwell has written a long and interesting essay on Massine as introduction

MOST of the leaders portrayed in this book are more or less well known—the Soong sisters (Madam Chiang Kai Shek is one of them), Nehru, Gandhi, Mr. Weizmann—we have seen these before, though Mr. Gunther brings an extraordinary and many-sided knowledgeableness to them. But there is one who must be quite unknown in England—a raffish, brilliant, gay caballero among the martial gloom of the dictator's gallery. This is the efficient and rakish Manuel Quezon of the Philippines. One of the world's best poker players, he is an excellent mimic and actor, an impetuous fellow, a sly and quite uncorrupt politician. He used to have long, twirling moustaches but cut them off because, he said, they tickled the girls too much. He enjoyed enormously a recent operation for gallstones, dramatised every detail for the benefit of the newspapers, and saw that pictures of the surgical instruments used were published. Mr. Gunther calls him a great junketeer, for he travels festively; he boasts that he has never refused a drink. Everyone loves him. He juggles with communists and capitalists in a way which keeps both parties guessing. What a disaster that the Foreign Office would not have "the bluffer" (as he used to be called in his schooldays) at the Coronation! There was some apprehension about precedence. And well, one gathers, there might be.

MR. DAVID MARLOWE is the author of *Coming, Sir*, that revealing and discontented book about the life of waiters. His novel, *Gangway Down* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a study of a boy who, born in a slum, grows up to become a ship's steward. There is more to him than this. His adoptive father had given him a "college" education in one of those minor English boarding academies which set out to manufacture middle-class clerks, and the boy grew up with divided loyalties. This English disease is very sympathetically analysed, and if the end of the book sounds forced, one has seen at least the character of a young man drawn with restrained verisimilitude. Deadloss, the father, and Ruby, the charwoman-mother, are sound if slight, and the sea stuff and bootlegging scenes have the right mild, unmelodramatic note.

THE rise, decline and fall of Mr. Hemingway can be followed completely in *The Fifth Column and The First 49 Short Stories* (Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is the old story of the brilliant youth and sudden eclipse which characterise the American writers of this generation. They invented reporting. They revived the vernacular, they cleaned out the dawdling, dusty railway carriage of the English-speaking novel—and they entirely failed to develop. Put little masterpieces like *The Killers* or *Hills Like White Elephants* beside the big-game hunting, magazine stuff of Hemingway's later period: it is depressing. The violence was always sentimental; sentimentality has ended in cynicism and now, as the story about the dying hunter called *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* shows, there is an embarrassing maudlin note. Mr. Hemingway's talent has had the misfortune to have been survived by his manner. He still manages a keen visual vividness; he is aware that talk is one of the major diseases of educated society, but he has started discussing his characters instead of presenting them, and that is a sure sign of the easy descent into commercial fiction. The play about espionage in the Spanish civil war, with which the book opens, illustrates again that a gift for dialogue is not the prime requirement of the dramatist.

DR. BORKENAU is one of the more balanced, frigid and penetrating commentators on international affairs, and his new Penguin Special, *The New German Empire*, is not the conventional post-crisis stuff which says what everyone else is saying. He ought to be read.

THE following novels are recommended: *The Last Days of Henri Quatre*, by Heinrich Mann (Secker and Worburg; 9*s.* 6*d.*). *Little Tin God*, by Frank Tilsley (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *The Priory*, by Dorothy Whipple (John Murray; 8*s.* 6*d.*). *Barry and Sally*, by Alfred Rowberry Williams (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *Double Entry*, by Constance Rutherford (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Heathcote

One of the lovely gowns created by Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, for their Majesties' Court. The material is a filmy needle-embroidered net of the softest honey colour. Silver bead and diamanté embroidery emphasises the lace-like pattern. There is a becoming butterfly corsage; lightly stiffened; the hem too, is stiffened to stand away from your ankles. See how the light shines through the train: the embroidery seems almost disembodied, so delicate is its foundation. You need look no further for a Court gown that you'll always remember with a thrill. It is made for summer ceremony; it will stand out against lights and magnificence, for it combines the dignity necessary to a Court gown with an almost breath-catching fragility—a combination as unusual as it is enchanting. It's a frock which will give you confidence—not the artificial poise of nervousness, but the strength to be yourself and make a success of it; you'll negotiate the Throne Room with utter self-confidence, for you'll be sustained by the memory of your own lovely reflection

First Class Travel

PASSPORT, money, ticket, cigarettes, book-to-read-on-the-journey . . . and you packed the bottle of sun-tan oil. . . . This is a happy call-over; no fuss, no last-minute bouncings on the lid, in fact, no packing problems at all, for her luggage is Revelation. Firstly, a combined hat and shoe case; special compartments for four pairs and space in the centre for cleaning accessories. In rawhide this costs £8 8s. The suit-case obligingly adjusts itself to the size required—on the well-known principle—and there it is below, packed and ready. This one is 28 inches long and costs £8 7s. 6d. in rawhide. She 's a young woman with a reputation for smartness and good grooming, so a Rev-Robe takes care of everything. If you haven't travelled with a Rev-Robe, you don't know how easy it is to pack anything between twelve and twenty frocks. As a matter of fact, you don't pack them; just hang them straight out of the wardrobe into the Rev-Robe. They are hung on hangers in the case, and the skirts simply looped up by a special fitment on to two brackets. The dresses are not folded anywhere. All this Revelation luggage can be seen at 170, Piccadilly, where there is a selection of every kind of luggage you could need and all of a quality and design to enhance your reputation

TO keep up your reputation on the journey, a Fenwick suit in grey hopsack with a clear silk stripe. Fenwick (63, New Bond Street) have it in two greys and navy, and it costs 6½ guineas. A crêpe-de-Chine blouse with waistcoat points maintains the standard by looking unpretentious but exceedingly smart, and the hat was chosen for its jaunty expression and to go with a holiday smile. Notice the patent leather bag (29s. 6d.) which hangs conveniently from the shoulder, leaving both hands free to signal taxis, beckon porters, accept bouquets from the stationmaster's small daughter or any other little duties you may be called upon to perform. You will like the Fenwick selection of holiday evening frocks, too; 4½ guineas is the first price for cotton and linen dance dresses, and this is also the price of the printed frock which is about to be put into the Rev-Robe. This one is made of poult in a cheerful pattern, and piped with pale blue

Scott Bush

Discovered by Peta;
Pictured by Pam.

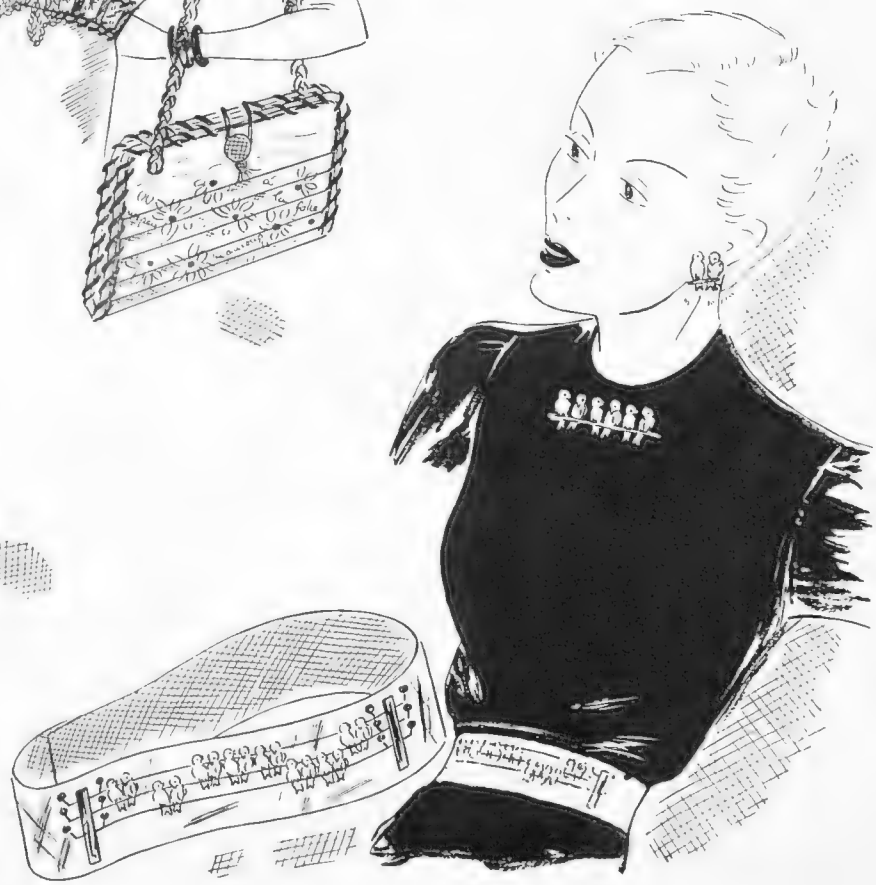
the bystander turns in search of novelties

Whether you have the pioneer spirit and love long journeys, or just take a defeatist view of any journey, you'll want a Yardley "Voyager" with you. This is a new set, and contains a purse-size bottle of Lavender and one of smelling salts. A nice way of saying Bon Voyage to someone else, too; 2s. 6d.

He loves me . . un peu . . beaucoup . . à la folie . . and you can count the daisy petals on Estelle Kelway's beach bag to find out. It's made in flexible wood and has a scarlet shoulder-strap. In the same set, a parasol-wide hat (15s.) and a belt (15s.), both with more daisy petals if the bag gives the wrong answer

Estelle Kelway (41, Craven Road, W.2) has these delicate little harebell ear-rings in gilt. They make a real, and entirely pleasing tinkle — a signature tune on one note

C[illegible]d, under-water scenes [illegible] tropical fish and [illegible]ery, deep-sea vegeta- decorate Marshall [illegible] Snelgrove's (Oxford [illegible]t) "Pacific" even- [illegible]handbag. The lacquer [illegible]t on over the design [illegible] will not chip. In [illegible]ame series, separately, [illegible]-thin powder boxes [illegible]. 6d.) and cigarette [illegible] in two sizes



You'll find it difficult to resist Estelle Kelway's lovebird set. A pair of birds makes each ear-ring, and six on a branch the brooch. See them in gilt, pink and blue, or jade and white. Ear-rings, 7s. 6d., brooch, 9s. 11d. The belt, in black suède, shows gilt birds sitting on gold-embroidered telephone wires, and will amuse you considerably

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

IN the hope—not unduly optimistic, I trust—that the heat-wave of early June may return, it is perhaps opportune to give a thought or two to hot-weather motoring. In the first place, the question of tyre pressures presents itself. In hot weather tyres run hotter, with the result that the air in them tends to expand, raising the pressure. When a heat-wave comes, therefore, check over the pressures and ensure that they are even and that none of the tyres is over-inflated.

It is commonly believed that engine overheating is excusable in hot weather but, actually, if the engine is in good condition, overheating should be no more prevalent in summer than in winter, for this complaint is more often caused by internal than by external conditions.

Misfiring is one of the commonest causes of overheating, and with the modern six-cylinder engine, rubber-mounted and extremely smooth-running, it is so difficult to detect that an engine may be run for days at a time with one cylinder not working. Yet it is easy to appreciate what a big handicap this is to an engine. The five working cylinders not only have to make up for the "slacker," but have also to carry it as a passenger. The Lodge people calculate that in a "six," one dead cylinder means a loss of 25 per cent. of power, while in a "four" the percentage may be as high as 33 or more. Obviously, if the engine is being called upon to do the same work, there must result laboured running, with consequent overheating and possibly pre-ignition. If misfiring is suspected, therefore, the source of trouble should be traced by "shorting" each plug, separately, with a screwdriver. If the offending plug is oiled up, it should be dismantled and carefully cleaned, and the points adjusted. Should it then oil up again, the fault must lie in the cylinder itself—there may be excessive wear or a broken piston-ring. A temporary improvement may be effected sometimes by using in this cylinder a plug which will stand more oil than the remainder of the set, but it should be remembered that this cannot be a permanent cure, and sooner or later a complete overhaul will be necessary.

As to the driver's and passengers' bodily comfort in very hot weather, it has been established that when travelling the best way to keep the interior of a saloon cool is to close all the windows, shut the sliding roof and open the screen as widely as possible. Believe it or not, but in an "open" car, the best way to cool it off is to close it. That is, erect the hood and side curtains and open the screen.

One word more on hot-weather motoring.

(*Concluded on page* ii)

The Rolls-Royce Wraith

The Rolls-Royce parked by Stonehenge has a Hooper limousine body, with an electrically operated division, forward-facing "occasional" seats, and a heater as part of its amenities

Always cosmopolitan
in an increasingly
nationalistic world

KIA-ORA

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page 40*)

You know how unbearably hot and stuffy a parked car can get with the sun beating down on it? Well, then, for pity's sake don't leave your dog in it while you go shopping.

THE coming week-end will be a busy one for motoring enthusiasts. At Brooklands there is the Junior Car Club's Members' Day, comprising the fifteenth annual High Speed Reliability Trial over about 52 miles of the International Trophy Race course. This will be run in the morning, being followed in the afternoon by a series of one- and two-lap handicap races over the outer circuit and a Test Hill sweepstake. At Ramsgate on Saturday the only Concours d'Élégance of the year will be held. With the official approval of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the event has attracted some most interesting entries.

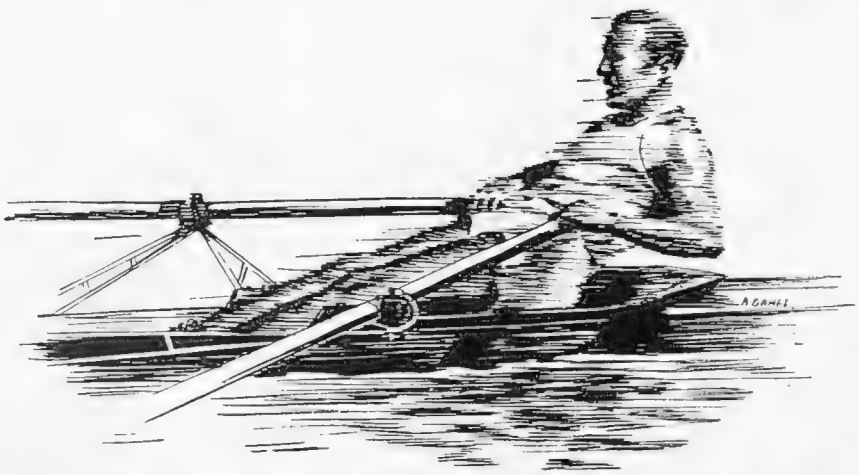
MAJOR GARDNER'S M.G. is having a busy time these days. Last Saturday it was on view to admiring throngs at the Crystal Palace; next Saturday it will feature at Ramsgate. Also on view will be the Wolseley "Voortrekker," which the Symons-Browning expedition, Cromwell-wise, "knocked abaht a bit"; while the enterprising organisers are also trying to get one of the Lagondas which did so valiantly at Le Mans to come down for the day and make its bow. The B.B.C. is putting this event "on the air" for the first time, and is sending down a mobile recording unit for the job which, unless I am greatly mistaken, will prove to be one of the most-looked-at cars there next Saturday.

MOTORISTS contemplating a caravanning holiday will find helpful information in a folder recently issued by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd. Besides advice on the best construction for the two-bar attachment, there is a comprehensive weight-scale from the "Eight" to the "Twenty" showing the maximum weight allowed for the unladen caravan, the additional weight which may be carried in the van, and the number of passengers in the car, as well as the acceleration of the cars when touring. The folder can be obtained from any local dealer or from the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Canley, Coventry.

THE tragic death of Richard Seaman is a terrible blow to all British motor-racing enthusiasts and a very real grief to those of us who were privileged to call him our friend. His quiet modesty and buoyant good spirits endeared him to all who knew him, while his calm self-reliance inspired in one a responsive confidence in his ability to meet any emergency with implicit efficiency. Seaman's career as a racing driver is too well known to require reiteration here. For an Englishman to be chosen by the State-subsidised German Mercédès-Benz concern to figure in their official team—the greatest racing team the world has ever seen—was in itself a more eloquent testimony to his brilliance than any words which I might pen. And when, last year, he justified the Germans' selection of him by beating them all upon their own soil, by winning the German Grand Prix, his immortality in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen was doubly assured. In expressing deep-felt sympathy to Seaman's wife and mother, let me assure them that we share not only their grief in the loss of a fine and honourable man, but we also share in their pride in the intrepid exploits of a great driver.

The Rover "Ten"

As a holiday car the Rover "Ten" saloon will take four of the family with ease, and plenty of luggage in the boot. It costs £275, including a most comprehensive equipment



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More and more people are calling for "BLACK & WHITE" because of its fine flavour and character. It is a firm favourite with the new generation as well as the old. "BLACK & WHITE" is a most effective stimulant at all times, and is especially helpful in these days of stress and strain. It relieves fatigue and renews your energy. Call for it by name—

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

C.J.L. (2a)

More Home Airports of Call

By Charles Ward

Flying to Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM being so near to London, the establishment of a first-class airport to handle direct traffic to the Continent was delayed until the requirements became clearly defined. This stage was reached last year and on Saturday next, July 8th, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent will perform the opening ceremony of Elmdon, which is destined to meet the needs of Birmingham in particular and the Midlands generally for an air junction on modern lines. The Corporation intend to encourage direct air lines to foreign countries. Paris, for instance, is 300 miles from Birmingham—no more than 1½ hours in the air. The new airport is situated about seven miles from the city centre and therefore no more than twenty minutes' motor drive away. It has a unique terminal building with a cantilever "overhang" on either side. Under the lee of this shelter, air liners can taxi to pick up passengers, who thus avoid walking across the tarmac during bad weather.

The Elmdon Display

BIRMINGHAM is honoured by the presence of the Duchess of Kent, as this is the first occasion on which a member of the Royal Family has performed the opening ceremony at an airport. For the first time also the Prime Minister is to be present at such a function, and other distinguished guests will include Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay, R.N., the Fifth Sea Lord; Sir Kingsley Wood, Air Minister; Air Marshal C. L. Courtney, and Sir Arthur Street, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Air. To take part in the aviation display which will follow the official opening, the Royal Air Force is sending units of fighter, bomber, and Army co-operation aircraft. Among the latest types to be seen will be the Bristol "Bombay" troop-carrier. The Fleet Air Arm will demonstrate how deck-landings are taught aboard aircraft-carriers, while civil aircraft will include the new direct take-off Autogiro. One of the veteran thirty-eight-seater Handley-Page air liners, "Heracles," will take the Airport Committee for a flight. The customary aerial contest for owner-pilots extends from 11.30 a.m. to 12.15 p.m., and a Concours d'Élégance has been arranged, with prizes from local firms. Birmingham Airport has been chosen by the Royal Aero Club as the venue for the King's Cup Air Race on Saturday, September 2nd. Entries must be made by July 21st, otherwise double fees are charged until August 1st.

The Air Line to Denmark

AIR travel between this country and Denmark is being popularised by the very efficient daily service maintained by Danish Air Lines from London to Copenhagen. Leaving Croydon at 10.45 a.m., passengers are in Copenhagen at 2.30, with a twenty-minute stop en route at Hamburg, where there is a connection to Berlin. The type of aircraft used is a four-engined "Condor," with a cruising speed of 205 m.p.h., and a seating capacity for twenty-four passengers. A stewardess is carried; there is a special smoking compartment for nine people; refreshments and light meals are served, and each passenger has a small table, a reading light, and an air-duct to regulate the temperature. Convenient air connections enable passengers from Copenhagen to fly on to Malmoe, Stockholm, Abo, and Helsingfors. The direct flight is continued to Gothenburg and Oslo, and in this manner air travel to the four Scandinavian countries is covered. A provincial service is maintained in Denmark by Danish Air Lines which connects Copenhagen with Esbjerg and Aalborg, and those two towns with each other, which is a great convenience for visitors to the attractive coast of Jutland.

An Airport for Scotland

ONE of the Maybury Committee's recommendations was to the effect that a central airport should be established for Scotland, and on Saturday last, Grangemouth was opened for public use by Marshal of the R.A.F., Viscount Trenchard. It is situated midway between Glasgow and Edinburgh and well suited to serve both cities. As a matter of fact, neither city could find a suitable site for its own use, so that a compromise was desirable. The owners are Scottish Aviation Ltd., a company which has operated a flying school at Prestwick for some time. The chairman is W. E. Nixon, also secretary and a director of de Havillands. Flight-Lieut. D. F. McIntyre, the managing director, was with Lord Clydesdale on the expedition that surveyed Mount Everest from the air. He has been the driving force behind the plan for the Central Scottish Airport, which seems to be an ideal centre for its purpose. A three-hour service between Edinburgh or Glasgow and the city of London is scheduled—also direct air connections with the Continent. Flying facilities for the R.A.F.V.R. commenced on May 1st.

Guests at the R.A.F. Garden Party were received by Lady Newall, wife of Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, G.C.B., who is Chief of the Air Staff. The party was held at Trent Park, at the request of the late Sir Philip Sassoon's family

Flying the Atlantic

WHEN Blériot flew across the Channel in 1910, pioneers discussed the possibilities of the Atlantic air service, which became a fact for passengers last week. Leon Delagrange said that the problem was simply one of getting a sufficiently light though powerful motor. Percival Spencer, well-known balloonist, thought that flying the Atlantic was quite possible; he advocated an aircraft with a number of separate motors. The Hon. C. S. Rolls considered that if an aeroplane were constructed of such a size that it could carry a large quantity of fuel, a number of operators, and a reserve set of engines in case of breakdown, then the flight would be easy. The "Yankee Clipper" reached Southampton last Wednesday by the northern route carrying 1750 pounds of mail and 21 passengers. The "Dixie Clipper," flying via the Azores, left Port Washington on the same day, carrying 22 passengers and mails. Dreams of the pioneers have become reality.

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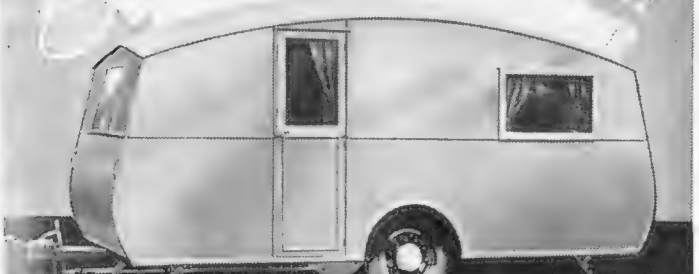

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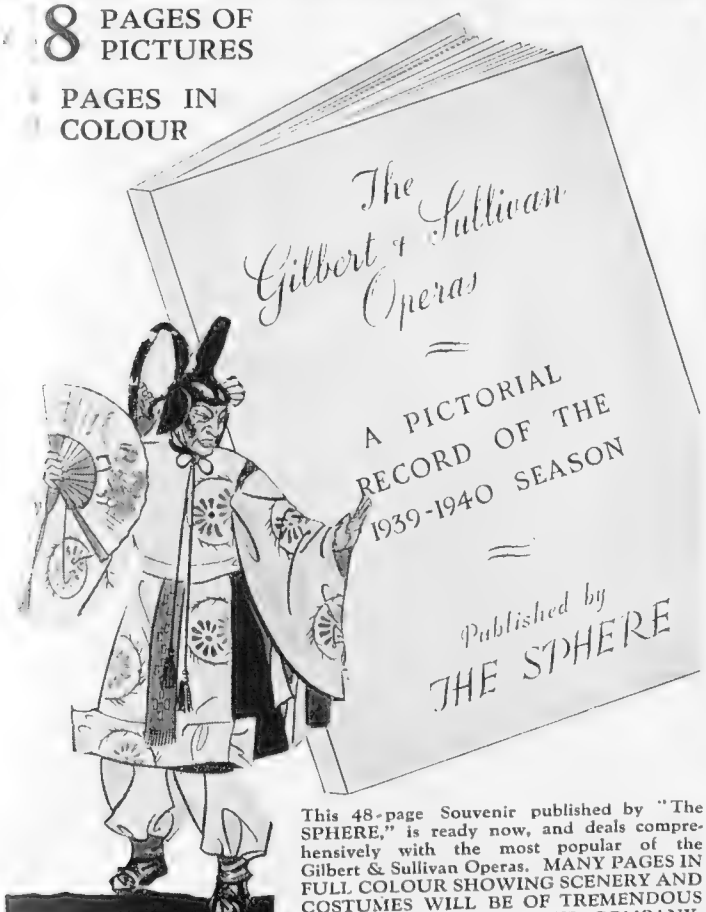

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Two Heads are Better Than One

(*Continued from page 28*)

"How did you know that?" she said, looking up at me.

"I've heard that tale before," I said. "My great-great-grandfather fell for it once."

"He must have been big-hearted."

"And stupid," I added.

"Who do you take after?"

"My great-great-grandmother," I said. "She was a gold-digger."

"I'm glad to hear that," she said. "But you don't blame me for trying, do you?"

"Not at all," I said.

"It might have come off, mightn't it? You might have been a man who never had a great-great-grandfather who fell for that story."

"It's quite possible," I said.

"We know where we are now, don't we?"

"We do," I said.

The band stopped and everybody clapped and we went over to our table and sat down.

"Cheerio," she said, raising her glass and looking at me with an impish twinkle in her eyes.

"Cheerio," I said.

She spoke rapidly and insanely for an hour. Then we tossed for another bottle of champagne.

"I feel I'm on equal footing with you now," she said, when I had lost. "It gives me a feeling of independence when I take a chance of paying."

"But your luck won't always be in," I said.

"You're quite right," she said, looking at her red finger-nails. "But why be unkind?"

"I'm not being unkind," I said.

"Yes, you are. You make me feel that I'm not contributing my share."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to."

"You've paid out four pounds, haven't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"I'll be a sport. I'll toss you double or square."

"Say you lose?"

She looked at me indignantly.

"Here," she said, taking a wad of notes from her purse. "I can pay."

"I didn't think that at all," I said.

She grinned and pressed my arm.

"You have tails this time for a change," she said.

"No," I said. "I'll stick to heads."

"Heads," she said, reflectively. "Ah, heads. That reminds me. Why don't you get married?—two heads are better than one."

"That's a conventional fallacy," I said.

"I don't know what that means," she said. "But I still say that two heads are better than one. You might believe me one day."

I lost another four pounds, but I didn't care. The champagne had gone to my head, and I was feeling deliciously sozzled.

"I'll tell you all about it when I'm married," I said.

"I shan't see you then—unless you want to marry me."

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last woman in the world."

"Why?"

"Because you're crazy," I said.

"Yes," she sighed, "I guess I am."

We both got very drunk and she asked me to drive her home. I don't remember where she lived.

"See if your wallet's all right," she said, as she got out.

This sobered me up a bit.

"It's O.K.," I said.

"Thank me for reminding you."

I thanked her.

"Just for that," she said, "I'm going to give you my lucky coin." She bent over and kissed me, then vanished into the early morning.

Three days later, I found the lucky coin in my dress waistcoat. Then I knew what she meant by two heads being better than one. I took the portrait of my great-great-grandfather from the mantelpiece, studied it, then looked at myself in the mirror and said: "Yes, there *is* a striking resemblance."

THE END.

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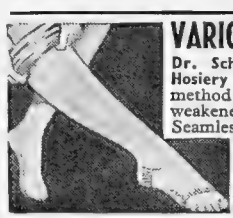

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Gardener's Chronicle

Lovers of Moisture

By R. C. Jenkinson

Bog Plants

BEFORE discussing personnel I would throw out one or two broad hints. I saw ten days ago in a Wiltshire garden a shallow sloping valley whose sides and promontories were planted with carefully selected small trees and shrubs for flower and autumn colour. Along the stream, in bays beside it and in shady beds, running into the surrounding woodland, grew in perfect condition and in profusion all those plants suitable to such a sight. The point to which I would draw your attention is this. The plants were not set to give a brilliant mass of colour as one might treat zinnias or marigolds, but they were arranged a few here, a few there, amongst fern and other green foliage, so that the colours and shape of the plants could be properly appreciated. The main features of this glen when I saw it were the blue Himalayan poppies, meconopsis, Betonicifolia, primulas and irises. Of the first there were groups in half shade, sometimes with pink primulas of the Bartley strain, sometimes with the golden-yellow primula Helodoxa. In one or two cases the poppy was planted by itself in front of bushes of white Philadelphus or Deutzia.

Talking of white-flowered shrubs, nothing could have been more beautiful in this same garden than a great bush of Cornus Kousa, whose boughs were literally weighed down by the profusion of their star-shaped creamy-white flowers.

Primulas and Irises

ALONG the streamside and in beds beside paths through the woodland were intermittent groups of these two plants. Primulas were in infinite variety, from the yellow of Helodoxa and Sikkimensis with its mealy stems and hanging bell-shaped flowers, the vinous purples and magentas of Pulverulenta, Burmanica, Secundiflora and Veitchii, the oranges of Bulleyana and the purple-stemmed Aurantiaca, and then that wonderful race of multi-coloured hybrids for which our old friend primula Japonica is largely responsible. These were all ranged down the valley in larger or smaller groups or clumps, a few bunched by themselves or great drifts—mingled with iris and other plants, of which later.

The ground was not neatly weeded to produce a state of affairs entirely alien to that in which primulas would naturally grow: the tiered spires of the primulas arose amongst the grass, day lilies, Astilbe foliage and iris. Here were the different forms—white, pale blue and dark blue of iris Siveria—surely one of the easiest plants in the world to grow—and iris Kaempferi, that magnificent Japanese lime-haterwhose ample flat flowers are the glory of July. Its earliest forms were just opening, while its cousin, iris Laevigata, was at the height of its beauty. No white or striped form for me: give me the rich royal blue of the type whose roots love to dip their toes into the water of the stream or pool as we humans love to moisten our lips with champagne!

Interspersed amongst the royalty of this iris were clumps of the earlier flowering day lilies or Hemerocallis, whose sprays, a clear yellow, formed a perfect foil. On the drier banks of the valley iris Ochroleuca and Aurea, the former white and gold, the latter golden, both four feet high with stiff gladiolus-like leaves, spired up amongst two-foot mounds of blue purple geranium Pratense.

Trollius, commonly called "Globe Flowers," added to the picture, while the earlier forms had gone to seed, leaving only clumps of dark green buttercup foliage—do not think that they are the invasive weeds that buttercups are. The late-flowering form such as Lidebourii, was carrying its dark golden goblets on two-foot stems in full beauty. It was rising loosely planted through clumps of Astilbe, whose humped rosettes of green or purplish foliage foretold the colour of their flowers, in the one carmine or crimson, in the other, creamy white or pale pink, these flowers to appear in mid-July.

Blanche Henrey

Rock Roses: *in the foreground Cistus Populifolius var. Lasiocalyx; behind it, Cistus Purpureus. These are two of the best of the larger growing rock roses which have come through the past trying winter and spring unscathed. The latter has brilliant violet-rose flowers with a dark eye, while the former is the finest pure white Cistus of all. The flowers, preceded by buds, are enclosed in large carmine bracts*

Blanche Henrey

Zenobia Pulverulenta: *this beautiful June-flowering bush grows seven to eight feet tall and more through; likes full sun but a deep, moist soil. The flower sprays are like gigantic lilies of the valley, only scentless, set off by silver-grey leaves. (The flowering sprays should be cut off when they have faded)*

Lilies

SCATTERED through these were pushing the incipient buds of some of the American lilies which enjoy not only the same conditions of soil as their neighbours, but the fellowship of their roots and foliage, the latter preventing hot sun from beating upon the base of their stems. Such lilies that I saw thus accommodated were Pardalinums, the panther lily, preparing to break into full beauty in mid-July: the stems, from three to six feet high, carrying reflexed orange and scarlet flowers which vary considerably. The strongest and most opulent form is called Var. Gigantium, whilst the most richly coloured form is called Johnstonii. Then there were the sturdy stems of Lilium Superbum, with its regular whirls of light-green leaves, not to flower until August 1st.

Everybody knows the gigantic umbrella leaves, more than six feet across, of Gunnera, of which a few plants were properly placed down the streamside. Too few people appreciate the beauty of Rodgersia Aesculifolia, "Chestnut Leaved." The plant loves a deep moist soil, its leaves grow no more than two feet high: they are coppery bronzed in their young state and grow to twice the size of the common horse-chestnut, to be surmounted by superb plumes of cream or pale pink, which in their turn are followed by mahogany seed-heads.

Zenobia Pulverulenta, a spray of whose flowers is figured in this article, was growing just behind the Rodgersia. This is an Eastern American shrub, one of the most beautiful of flowering plants of late June that come from this or any other country. It must have a deep moist soil, with its head in the eye of the sun. It will then form a slowly increasing clump as much as eight feet high, whose twiggy shoots are clothed with glaucous foliage from which spring the sprays of large, pure white flowers like gigantic lilies of the valley. I recommend this plant most strongly to everyone who can give it the conditions that it loves.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 5—July 11

First Night and Matinée days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

AFTER THE DANCE.—Serious study of the clash of bright middle-age and serious youth gives Robert Harris, Catherine Lacey, Martin Walker, Anne Firth their chances for sometimes comic, mostly tragic, studies: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE ASCENT OF F 6.—A revival by the Group Theatre of Auden and Isherwood not-so-biting satire; Alec Guinness, Gyles Isham, Barbara Everest: Old Vic, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BEHOLD THE BRIDE.—Luise Rainer with a lively performance proves that an actress can rise superior to a poor play; Jeanne de Casalis, Evelyn Roberts support her: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, Hugh Williams does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite; cheap seats: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland, with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JUGGERNAUT.—Setting—Vienna; time—1913-1933; protagonists—Austrians and Jews. The picture is vivid without being partial or prejudiced. Cast headed by Marjorie Mars, Leo Genn, Harold Warrender: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Margaret Vines and Robert Eddison are Titania and Oberon, Romney Brent and Leslie French are Bottom and Puck: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT.—A kaleidoscopic, honest, sometimes touching, sometimes naïve picture of life and characters in a Welsh mining valley: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—This delicious Irish comedy revived, with Zena Dare, Margaret Rutherford, Arthur Sinclair in their original parts; short season; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO KILL A CAT.—Enid Stamp-Taylor, Margaretta Scott and Clifford Mollison in a competent comedy-thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Carfax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 122.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

RUTH DRAPER.—The American diseuse in a programme including a number of new sketches; Vaudeville, 8.45. Tues., Thurs., 2.45. (Last week.)

At Home for the National Theatre

The Duchess of Marlborough was at home for a National Theatre Thé Dramatique last week at her house in Kensington Palace Gardens. With her here (left) is Dame Edith Lyttelton

First Night

THE GENTLE PEOPLE.—This American play (by Irwin Shaw) is set mostly off Coney Island; Abraham Sofaer, Ernest Jay, Gina Malo play lead: Strand, Thurs., 6th.

CINEMAS

BEETHOVEN (French).—Harry Baur plays the composer, the Conservatoire orchestra plays the music: Curzon.

CAPTAIN FURY (American).—Tough stuff about sheep-raising and convict labour in Australia in the 'forties, with Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen: London Pavilion.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS (British).—Robert Donat and Greer Garson are Mr. and Mrs. Chips in the film of James Hilton's novel: Empire.

HOTEL DU NORD (French).—A realist film of life in the Paris slums with a romanticised ending; Annabella, Louis Jouvet, Arletty: Paris.

I KILLED THE COUNT (British).—Syd Walker and Ben Lyon in the film of the stage thriller: Gaumont.

LOUISE (French).—Charpentier's opera makes a film for Grace Moore: Carlton.

MAN OF CONQUEST (American).—Richard Dix as General Sam Houston in this vast spectacle of pioneering days, Gail Patrick as the woman who inspired him: Regal, from Thurs., 6th.

PETER THE GREAT (Russian).—A fine historical film from Alexei Tolstoy's book; Simonov plays the name-part: Academy.

Q PLANES (British).—A thriller about spies and aeroplane-stealers; cast headed by Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Valerie Hobson: Odeon.

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (American).—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire re-play in a romanticised form the career of the pre-war dance pair: New Gallery.

THE SUN NEVER SETS (American).—Gold Coast empire-builders in difficulties, political and emotional—Basil Rathbone, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Virginia Field: Leicester Square.

THIS MAN IN PARIS (British).—Valerie Hobson, Barry K. Barnes and Alastair Sim in the same newspaper atmosphere as this film's predecessor, *This Man Is News*: Plaza.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin sings and smooths the course of true love for others: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OPERA and BALLET

RUSSIAN BALLET, COVENT GARDEN:

JEUX D'ENFANTS, FILS PRODIGUE, AURORA'S WEDDING: to-day, 5th, 2.30.

LAC DES CYGNES, PAGANINI, COQ D'OR: to-night, 5th, 8.45.

GOOD HUMOURED LADIES, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI CENDRILLON: Thurs., 6th, 8.45.

SYLPHIDES, PAGANINI, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, PRINCE IGOR: Fri., 7th, 8.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, CHOREARTIUM, PRINCE IGOR: Sat., 8th, 2.30.

CARNAVAL, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, COQ D'OR: Sat., 8th, 8.45.

For Monday's and Tuesday's programmes, see dailies.

BALLET RAMBERT AT THE MERCURY:

LADY INTO FOX and PARIS SOIR are the two new ballets in the repertoire: 8.30. Sat., 2.30

OPERA AT GLYNDEBOURNE:

FIGARO: to-night, 5th, Mon., 10th, Tues., 11th, 6.45.

DON GIOVANNI: Thurs., 6th, 6.45; Sat., 8th, 6.15.

MACBETH: Fri., 7th, 6.45.

COSI FAN TUTTE: Sun., 9th, 5.30.

D'OYLY CARTE AT SADLER'S WELLS:

GONDOLIERS: To-night, 5th, 8.

PATIENCE: Thurs., 6th, 8.

MIKADO: Fri., 7th, 8.

RUDDIGORE: Sat., 8th, 2.30.

RUDDIGORE: Sat., 8th, 8.

PIRATES OF PENZANCE: Mon., 10th, 8.

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD: Tues., 11th, 8.

SPORT and SHOWS

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Centenary Show: Windsor Great Park, to Sat., 8th.

LAWN TENNIS.—Last four days at Wimbledon, to Sat., 8th.

CRICKET.—Gentlemen *v.* Players, at Lord's: to-day, 5th to Fri., 7th.

ROWING.—Centenary Royal Regatta at Henley: to-day 5th to Sat., 8th.

GOLF.—Open Championship at St. Andrews ends Fri., 7th.

ATHLETICS.—A.A.A. Championships at the White City: Fri., 7th, Sat., 8th.

SHOOTING.—Imperial Meeting, Bisley, opens Mon., 10th.

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WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The Ritz

WEDNESDAY night at the Ritz is becoming a bit of a Society catchword these days. Not that the other evenings of the week do not find the Ritz restaurant pretty well filled with the young and the fair and the knowing. But Wednesday is Extension Night, and Java's music has to be just a little louder then to get to the couples at the back; and his delightful waltzes a little less frequent because, well, waltzing does take room; and among the Ritz crowd, too, charming as they are, occurs that usual fair proportion which can't waltz well, but likes trying.

Java plays for Ritz dancing

Java is a great acquisition. With a band such as his on the daïs, and with people who can appreciate their own good conversation at the tables, there is real point in not having a cabaret to distract one's eating, drinking, dancing and talk. Go and hear Java. Best go a little before the theatre-stalls crowd comes in, and you 'll find the floor pleasantly spacious. Go on Wednesday night if you want to see People. And if anybody can explain to me why the Ritz regulars are better en masse than any other regulars, it would be information that would interest me profoundly. Men, mostly tails, please.

The May Fair

I WANTED to go to the Royal Welcome evening at the May Fair on the night of the King and Queen's arrival home. I had heard that Ferraro was spreading himself, and it was to be a great show. I hear that it was all that. Special foods that Royalty had enjoyed across the Atlantic served here with a Ferraro twinge. The restaurant was crowded, and many Americans and Canadians made up for lost opportunity. Ferraro has a huge number of friends in America and Canada.

But I did go the next night to have supper after a theatre and dance to Henry Hall's Music Makers. It was good to see that particular type of smart May Fair clientèle again, and I realised with regret that I hadn't danced here since, oh, more than a year ago.

A good proportion of the tables are still twosomes, which is a great compliment to all concerned, because those sorts of two are more choosy of the places they go than the big parties that gather after weddings and possibly follow the floor-shows. There is no cabaret at the May Fair, and twosomes of this type do not want it, I think. They want to dance. Certainly on the night I was there I saw at least three couples who danced exquisitely (three more than you 'll find at most places round), and most of the others were there to dance, and not dancing just because they were there. Thanks to the Music Makers, and thanks to Ferraro generally.

Lunch at the May Fair is very smart nowadays.

Ferraro gives a Royal welcome

London Casino

LAST month I spoke of the Bal Tabarin show at the London Casino, and I mentioned only the name of Steve Geray of the multitudinous performers. Not because I have lost the programme, and not to save the " comps." from a list of cosmopolitan

At the

Ritz

JAVA *plays for dancing*

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Filippo Ferraro, Restaurant Manager

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Do you know about our " On Prendra " Service? You drop into Prunier's, choose an exquisite dish and take it away, packed in cunning cartons. A wonderful idea for the unexpected (but welcome) guest, the picnic, the informal dinner at home! By the way, our Souper Intime (6/6 prix fixe) after the theatre or cinema is a great success!

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A most comprehensive Menu . . . new and appetising dishes . . . choice Wines . . . moderate tariff. Restful surroundings . . . Cocktail lounge, with the world-renowned "Vintage Bottle" frieze.

Monsieur Bagole, the Chef Patron, looks forward to your visit, hoping it will be one of many you will enjoy at Maison Basque — London's new old restaurant.

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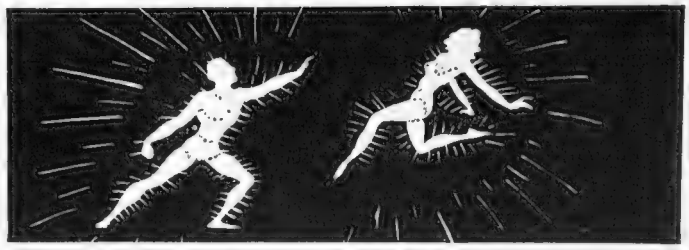


Glittering dancers at the London Casino

names; but to use my space to the best advantage. I am not going to mention names this time either.

Names are not of the essence here. You know, or should, that every turn at the Casino floor show is an international, high-priced hit, and there are about a dozen turns at each programme; and not the same turns at dinner as at supper. You know, or at least you should by now, that the L.C. gets more of the Parisian décolletage on to the stage than most Parisian shows themselves. I have wondered about that, and applauded it in print previously. You know that, in addition to these shows, there is dancing to Jack Harris and his tops band. To say nothing of excellent food well served at comfortable tables.

It seems to be well patronised by Army folk and their wives on birthday and celebrational outings. By the young and the old and the smart. You have to change for dancing. Evening dress is optional on the balcony floor. Tuesdays are Extension Nights, and 17s. 6d. is the top price, for dinner, dancing, and the revue. Now it is up to you.

Prunier's

It is always a sight for sore eyes, that Prunier bar in the summer months. Knowing men and their pretty companions sitting up and taking nourishment—Oysters! Yes, oysters in the "wrong" months, and at Prunier's, the oyster-catcher's haven. It is, subsequently, ambrosia to parched palates to join them, and find that you have your choice of three or four kinds of oysters, of clams from America, of delicious plates of sea-food that taste like a summer-holiday abroad. Please don't think that you can't get fine oysters when there is no "r" in the month. Go to Prunier's and ask Wally at the bar. Ask him for one of his wines by the glass to point up their excellence. If you have a party, ask him for his Sancerre Cup.

Unblushing oyster-eater at Prunier's

Madame is back and forth all the time now between Prunier's in London and Traktir in Paris, and she sees that many of her friends are at both ends enjoying the work. She is soon going across the Atlantic, and reckons to bring back three or four completely new ideas in sophisticated gourmetry. She will, too.

Remember Prunier's for supper after the theatre. You needn't change. You 'll see the famous and the witty at tables around; Prunier's Souper Intime has found many takers at its very reasonable price of 6s. 6d. And there now! I 've said practically nothing about food or wines in an article on Prunier's!

The St. Regis

Do you know the St. Regis? It 's a new block of apartments, suites, flats, rooms, or whatever you want, in Cork Street. Go up the Burlington Arcade from Piccadilly, and you 'll see the St. Regis in front of you as you emerge. You will see first, too, the sun-shaded boulevard tables set on the frontage for an open-air cocktail, French fashion. A most happy idea, far too infrequent in London.

Inside is the bar, with John presiding: and the little fish fountain (St. Regis fed the fishes), with eels, trout and carp expectant. They like a nice cocktail biscuit, and eat from your hand. Then turn right, into the restaurant, and who shall greet you but Victor, of happy memories, and Boaradini? You know then that the food, and especially wines, will be of a perfection. You have no reason to reverse your opinion as your meal progresses, nor

Feeding the St. Regis carp

afterwards when you sit happily over a cigar and glass of the special Armagnac, and watch the film stars and their executives, the big-business men and their clients, the world and his wife, sitting round you, happy, too.

Not Sundays. No dancing. You needn't change for dinner. I hope I shall be able to tell you more about the St. Regis. It 's good.

La Maison Basque

It has all the coolness and quiet welcome of a famous French auberge. Which, of course, it practically is. Go in at the dark door in Dover Street: sit awhile over a glass of dry sherry from one of those curious lantern-flagons: Chef-patron Bagole will come and discuss the meal that you are to have. Bassi will stand by and see that every order gets the supreme attention that has made the Maison Basque a restaurant spoken of with awe even by people in the wine and food trades. Look at that Menu. Did you ever see such offerings? D'you recall the prices of the Basque of, say, eight years ago? Look at the prices now. There 's been a welcome scaling-down all through the list.

Comfortable big chairs with arm-rests. Plates and dishes of "familiar" type. Tables tucked away in cool corners, round arrases, seeing but scarcely seen. Lunch and dinner, with wines, prodigious wines, if that is your fancy. The wine list is well worth a long inspection. The restaurant itself is one you should take trouble to get to know. Open Sundays.

La Coquille

I told you that Pagès was getting in some new Muscadet last month. By the time that you read this, I am assured that it will be ready for serving to your table. I had some in advance, though Pagès was a bit nervous that it had not settled yet after its journey. It was good then. It will be better now.

I am sentimental about Muscadet. Pagès has other recent acquisitions. You 'll see some of them listed at the bottom of the left-hand page of his card. Good carafe wines, tested and approved by Pagès perhaps three months ago, and now come to their last home. Good concomitants of the good food that is listed above them and to the right.

Those wines are now ready at La Coquille

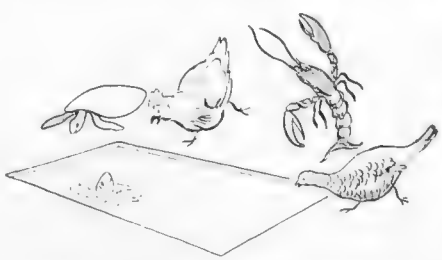
Sea-food, as the name of the restaurant suggests. Always a lobster dish, always a chicken. Strawberries from the gardens or the woods, the former in a cream that tastes beautifully of a liqueur with which Pagès has secretly laced it, the latter flown daily from France. Omelettes, crêpes, special salads. I have got them in the wrong gastronomic order, but my mind is playing with random memory. Memories of lunches, dinners and suppers after the theatre. In any of the three rooms. At very easy prices. And the food . . . well, ask any Coquille fan. I 've told you often enough.

Hatchett's

Boscasso's cold table is a mouth-watering sight these days. The birds of the air and the fish of the sea and the vegetables of the earth seem to have got themselves up in aspic for the benefit of the Hatchett's patrons. For the summer there is less of a run on the great red wines in that big list, and the inclination is towards the whites and lights; of which there are many fine examples; and cups if you so desire it. These go to perfection with the white meats in aspic, and are always more popular, too, with the ladies. And ladies are now about half of the Hatchett's crowds. Which was not so before, if you remember.

Maybe it is the flowers that bring them in. Maybe it is Boscasso himself. Or the delightful sofa seats round the walls. Anyway, pretty girls abound, and come again when they have first been introduced.

Lunch is a big meal. For dinner one sits a bit longer and talks a bit less loud. Soft lighting then, and an air of rest-and-be-thankful. Just down the steps from Piccadilly.



Rush for the cool aspic at Hatchett's

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AT SUPPER 11 TILL 2 — "FOLLIES DE MINUIT"

N.B THE SUPPER SHOW WILL BE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM THE DINNER SHOW

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SUPPER - 11 P.M. ... 10/6
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DINNER - 8 P.M. ... 17/6
SUPPER - 11 P.M. ... 10/6

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Le Bon Viveur

Grape vine—great wine

THE cool pale shades of the outside of the Bon Viveur stand out like an oasis in the small street. If you see a taxi turning in off Curzon Street, you can bet it 's going to deposit a load at the hospitable door. And from the minute recesses will pop a page boy, who will take your hats, sirs, and coats, madams, and hand them over to another man in a more minute recess for storage. You go into the minute bar on the right for a cocktail, and back through the minute hallway to the fairly minute restaurant. That 's the end of your journey. For, small as the place is, your chairs are admirably comfortable, the many waiters do not knock into your elbows, and the offerings of the minute kitchens and cellars are surprisingly vast and all-inclusive.

Cold dishes especially now, and cold white wines. Let Davico do your choosing if you feel in that mood. He never goes wrong. Nice people at the few other tables, and a little band in the rafters in the evenings. Decorations of grapes and Southern tendrils. Oh, you know!

The members of this club bless their luck.

Leoni's "Quo Vadis"—Dean Street, Soho

"I KNOW a little Italian place in Soho," they say; and take you proudly, and with justification, to Leoni's. Though, as things go, Leoni's is now no longer little, it still deserves the praise that the word "little" carries when applied to Soho restaurants. The "Quo Vadis" was little by all standards once—when Leoni started it on faith, hope and a few pounds in the bank. But now it is several big rooms; and there is a lounge, a coat-desk and washing accommodation in the best West End tradition. The modern Young Masters are still on the wall, and for sale if one takes your fancy. The painters are all friends of Leoni's. So are actors, actresses, authors, and the Arts generally. They come for his good food and good wine—and to talk to his good self. Bustling, cheerful, full of suggestions, he has not let success go to his head.

Leoni of the "Quo Vadis"

I have not written of Leoni's "Quo Vadis" here before. But I have known it these many years. I knew it before the great came and wrote nice words in the Visitors' Book. (Sir) Max Beerbohm, Evelyn Laye, Delysia, Robin Douglas, Gordon Craig. The prices are really reasonable, the service really quick. The "Quo Vadis" is really good.

The New Queen's

IT was one of the few warm days of the month when I was last at the New Queen's, and I was doubly grateful for the new air-conditioning of the place then. As I write this, it sounds a cold comfort that I am recommending. But the temperatures are carefully organised to suit the days, and you can go there for lunch, dinner, or after the movies, with the certain knowledge that it won't be stuffy, it won't be hot, and it won't be cold.

Look carefully over that menu before you order. It is full of good things of the season, with a plentiful sprinkling of Continental specialities. They still run that good scheme of letting you eat as many of the dishes as you can hold for 3s. 6d., and you should bear that in mind when you have missed your breakfast. Lovely crisp salads, little egg dishes, Scandinavian sandwiches, American goodies. Or Irish stew, steak and chips, and the more manly viands.

The New Queen's is so bracing

Music most of the time, and lilting song-tunes especially in the evening, when savouries are all the better for an accompaniment of mental or actual humming. And beer in great quantities, drunk in a setting as near as possible perfect. This is, after all, called the Bierkeller, and for old-time Bavarianism go there of an evening, and take your best girl.

Mount Royal

I SEE our artist has gone for the point about the Mount Royal Snack Bar that I first noticed in the very early months of Mount Royal's life : viz., that apparently the prettiest and smartest of the lovelies who appear in the Park Lane cabarets at midnight take a snack at lunch and dinner times on the high Mount Royal stools.

Besides these and the snacks themselves, remember that a large number of nice people find permanent or ephemeral living accommodation in Mount Royal's many flats, and there is a restaurant for them downstairs, very much to be enjoyed by you and me as well. Prices are pleasant and reasonable, the food

Show-girls lunch at Mount Royal

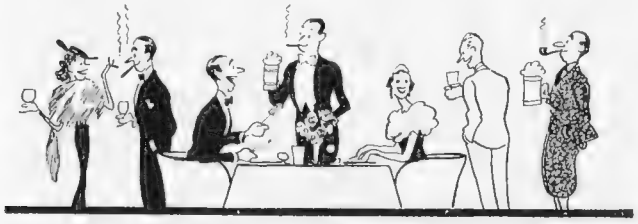
by the card simple, healthy and largely British, with occasional spot dishes to show that the chef is a master of his craft. A fact that one realises anyway after eating the simplest dish on the menu.

Service is rapid and cheerful. Meals are early and late. Wines are to your choice. It 's a restaurant you should know about, at the busy end of Oxford Street.

The Shepherd's Tavern

EVERYTHING at the Shepherd's is just right for what it is, a Mayfair pub. Pub first ; which means a big broad bar through the swing doors from the street. Buxom girls serving you, and a right to lean your elbow on the bar-top for as long as you like (within hours). But then Mayfair ; which means that, though beer is available, so are cocktails, shaken up by expert hands. The seating accommodation is not benches, but some of the most comfortable period chairs and sofas in the district. And the mural decorations, instead of being posters for boxing matches or flower shows, are fine old prints in the Alken manner. The telephone booth makes the best of both worlds by being a sedan-chair.

Then go upstairs when you 're hungry. Pub-like, the dining room has English fare predominating, with roast beef or mutton or silversides on this or that day. Vegetables as though they came from your own garden that morning. But, Mayfair-like, that dining room can turn you out some of the best variations



Pub-dining in Mayfair

on the simple-fare theme that you 'll come across. The prices are Mayfair rather than pub, but you 'll have no quarrel with them.

The people who come are many of them regulars. Some (in the evenings) are changed. Some are in their City clothes, and some are happily comfortable in grey bags. In fact, a Mayfair pub.

The Green Lizard

YOU probably only know the Green Lizard as a smallish shop near Oxford Circus where you can buy good coffee and delicious cakes, and stay for a light, quick meal.

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Where you can live "Right Royally"
APARTMENT HOTEL TERMS
with Private Bathroom
SINGLE 12/6 DOUBLE 21/=
including Table d'Hôte Breakfast
SUITES FROM 3½ GNS. WEEKLY
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Colour — a lovely light gold . . . tempting prelude to their distinctive bouquet and your complete enjoyment! Try these charming dry white wines for a most agreeable change.

VINS BLANCS d'ALSACE
(FRANCE)

4 LABELS
Riesling
Traminer
Gentil
Sylvaner

From the Land of Freedom & Good Wines

HAVAS — ALv8

It is a good deal more than that. If you enquired, you'd find that it was the power behind the buffet of many of the weddings, cocktail parties and dances to which you went. It does a very big and deservedly successful business in that line. Their methods are elementary and come to a great saving on wines for harassed hostesses. The Green Lizard charges so much a head for the parties, and the wine comes at wholesale prices, sale or return. So if you over-estimate the number of your guests, you are not saddled with cases of good wine to your charge. Those go back and you don't pay for them. And what you do pay for, as I say, is at wholesale prices.

As for eating in the shop—coffee, lunches and teas—you can go in any time from 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. (not Sundays, nor Saturday afternoons). You will be advised to buy some of their home-made chocolate on your way out. And before that, at your table, let me recommend without reserve the egg dishes, salads and ices. Plenty of room, and very quick service by charming young ladies. Mr. Moeran, the boss, herewith. EDAX.

Mr. Moeran, Wizard of the Green Lizard

Lord and Lady Anson were dancing together at the May Fair one evening last week. They were married last year and their son and heir was born in April. He was christened Thomas Patrick John a month ago, and the Queen, his great-aunt, is his only godmother. Lady Anson was Anne Bowes-Lyon before she married the Earl of Lichfield's elder son

May Fair dancing: Viscount and Viscountess Anson

Ritz dining: Aletto and Two Guests

Mr. W. W. Worthington, Lord of the Manor of Pype-cum-Membris, was up from his Staffordshire home last week and dined at the Ritz with Mrs. Elliott. Aletto, one of the best-known of London restaurant managers, came over to talk to them and made Mrs. Elliott laugh

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Maby — Miles

Alan Grant Maby, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Grant Maby, of Hetton Lawn, Charlton Kings, Glos., and Mary Miles, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miles, of the Glen, Linden Chase, Sevenoaks, Kent, were married at Sevenoaks

Evans — King

John W. Evans and Diana King were married at Frimley Parish Church. He is the son of the late George Evans and Mrs. Evans, of Temora, near Barmouth, Wales. She is the daughter of the late Colonel W. A. de Courcy King, and Mrs. Uzielli, of 3, Rossetti Garden Mansions, S.W.3, and stepdaughter of the late Colonel T. J. Uzielli

Topham — Priestman

Captain John Vernon Topham, Poona Horse, and Monica Priestman, youngest daughter of Bertram Priestman, he landscape-painter R.A., and Mrs. Priestman, of 22, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the only son of the late John Topham and Mrs. Topham, of Strawberry Hill, Middlesex

Bird — Chapman

Sotheby Godfrey Bird, son of Lt.-Col. N. S. Godfrey Bird, of 78, Old Church Street, Chelsea, and the late Mrs. Bird, and Ellinor Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. FitzRoy Chapman, of Ashdown Place, Forest Row, Sussex, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Miller — Chalmers

R. G. Miller, Royal Signals, and Betty Chalmers were married at St. Andrew's, Oxshott, Surrey. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Miller, of Cricklewood, and she is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Chalmers, of Byways, Knott Park, Oxshott

de la Poer — Veevers-Carter

John de la Poer, of Gurteen le Poer, Clonmel, Ireland, son of the late Count de la Poer, married Fay Veevers-Carter, eldest daughter of Captain G. Veevers-Carter, of Shallow Water, Parkstone, Dorset, and the late Mrs. Veevers-Carter, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Kerr — Campbell

James Ronald Kerr, younger son of the late Sir John Kerr and Lady Kerr, of Fairstead, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks., and Nora Jean Campbell, daughter of the late A. W. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, formerly of Kench Hill, Tenterden, Kent, were married at St. Paul's, Onslow Square

Hastings — Bates

William Philip Stuart Hastings, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, only son of William Hastings, of the White House, Crowborough, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Hastings, and Joan Frederica Bates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, of Steep Park, Jarvis Brook, Sussex, were married at St. Denys', Rotherfield, Sussex

Brodie — Thorne

Patrick Lennox Cunningham Brodie and Pauline Hélène Thorne, only daughter of the late T. L. Thorne, of Diemersfontein, Wellington, Cape Province, S.A., and Mrs. Thorne, of Kenilworth, Cape Province, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brodie, of 3, Eaton Square, S.W.

(Continued on page 3)

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Getting Married *(Continued from page 1)*

Vandyk

Marie Patricia Buckwell

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Buckwell, of Lahore, India, now at the Grey House, Mary Tavy, Devon; she is engaged to Oswin Olpherts Coryton, Duke of Cornwall's L.I., son of the Rev. H. H. and Mrs. Coryton, of Bonchurch Rectory, I.O.W.

Lorna James

Is engaged to Walter Harold (Tony) Luxton, third son of Sir Harold and Lady Luxton, of Dasdenong, Victoria, Australia. She is the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. James, of Weston Manor, Tettenhall, Staffs.

Pearl Freeman

Eve Juchau

Ivy Louise (Eve) Juchau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Juchau, of the Drive, Harold Wood, Essex, is to marry on July 29th in Sierra Leone, Captain John Laurie, R.A., son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. K. S. Laurie, of Heron Court, Brentwood, Essex

Pearl Freeman

Anne Bromley

Is the second daughter of Rear-Admiral Arthur Bromley, C.M.G., C.V.O., and Mrs. Bromley, of 26, Cadogan Square, S.W.1. She is to marry Thomas Henry Perceval Lloyd, younger son of Major and Mrs. T. H. Lloyd, of Padua House, Wimbledon

Pearl Freeman

Nina Joan Allen

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Philip Allen, of Lime Paddock, Speen, Newbury; her fiancé is Captain Thomas Dever Spencer, late Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Frank Spencer, of Egerton, Mount Park, Harrow-on-the-Hill

Vandyk

Beatrice Gallie

Is the youngest daughter of Major-General J. S. Gallie, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Gallie, of Winfrith, Dorset, and is to marry Geoffrey Ernest Fane, only son of the late Major E. C. Fane, and Mrs. Fane, of Bath

(Concluded on page K)

Getting Married (Continued from page J)

Vandyk

Audrey Le May

Is engaged to Captain Charles Congreve Archer Wilson, Hampshire Regiment, son of the late Rev. C. E. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, of 7b, Eaton Gardens, Hove. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Le May, of Gayfayre, Ferring, Sussex

Lenare

Biddy Lloyd

Diana Elizabeth Lloyd, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. Lloyd, of Ferne, Highclere, Newbury, Berks., is engaged to Richard B. St. J. Quarry, of Meadow Cottage, Winnersh, Berks., only son of the late Major St. J. Quarry, and Mrs. W. Myers, of Woodmancote Manor, Cirencester, Glos.

Fayer

Frances Beaumont Priestman

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Priestman, of 25, Pont Street, S.W.1, and is to marry Robert Macfarlane Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. McM. Mitchell, of 10, Crown Gardens, Glasgow, W.2

Lenare

Eileen Violet Rowland

Is engaged to Nicholas Monsarrat, the young novelist, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Monsarrat, of Liverpool, and Bulcote Lodge, Notts. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rowland, of Tixall Lodge, Stafford

Catherine Bell

Sheila Mayou

Is engaged to Michael Mortimer Wheeler, son of Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, of 108, Park Street, W.1, and the late Mrs. Tessa Verney Wheeler. She is the daughter of the late Marmaduke Stephen Mayou and Mrs. Mayou, of 70, Portland Court, W.1, and Camberley, Surrey

Catherine Bell

Eve Naylor

Is the daughter of the late Com. C. G. Naylor, and Mrs. H. P. Green, of Queen's Hill, Ascot; she is to marry Antony George Anson Fisher, of 49, Chesterfield House, W.1, elder son of the late Captain and Mrs. G. K. T. Fisher

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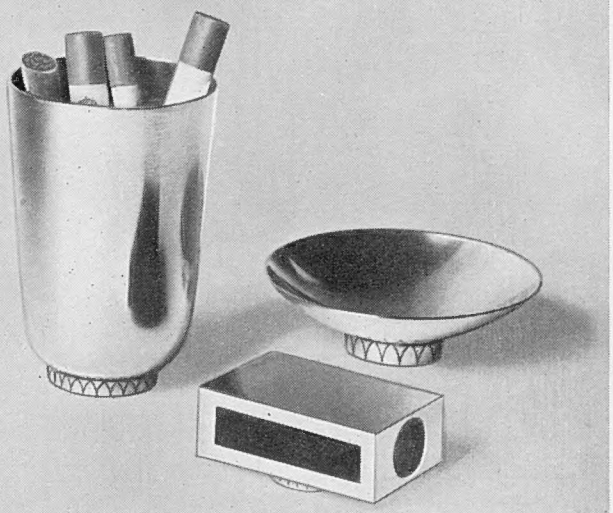

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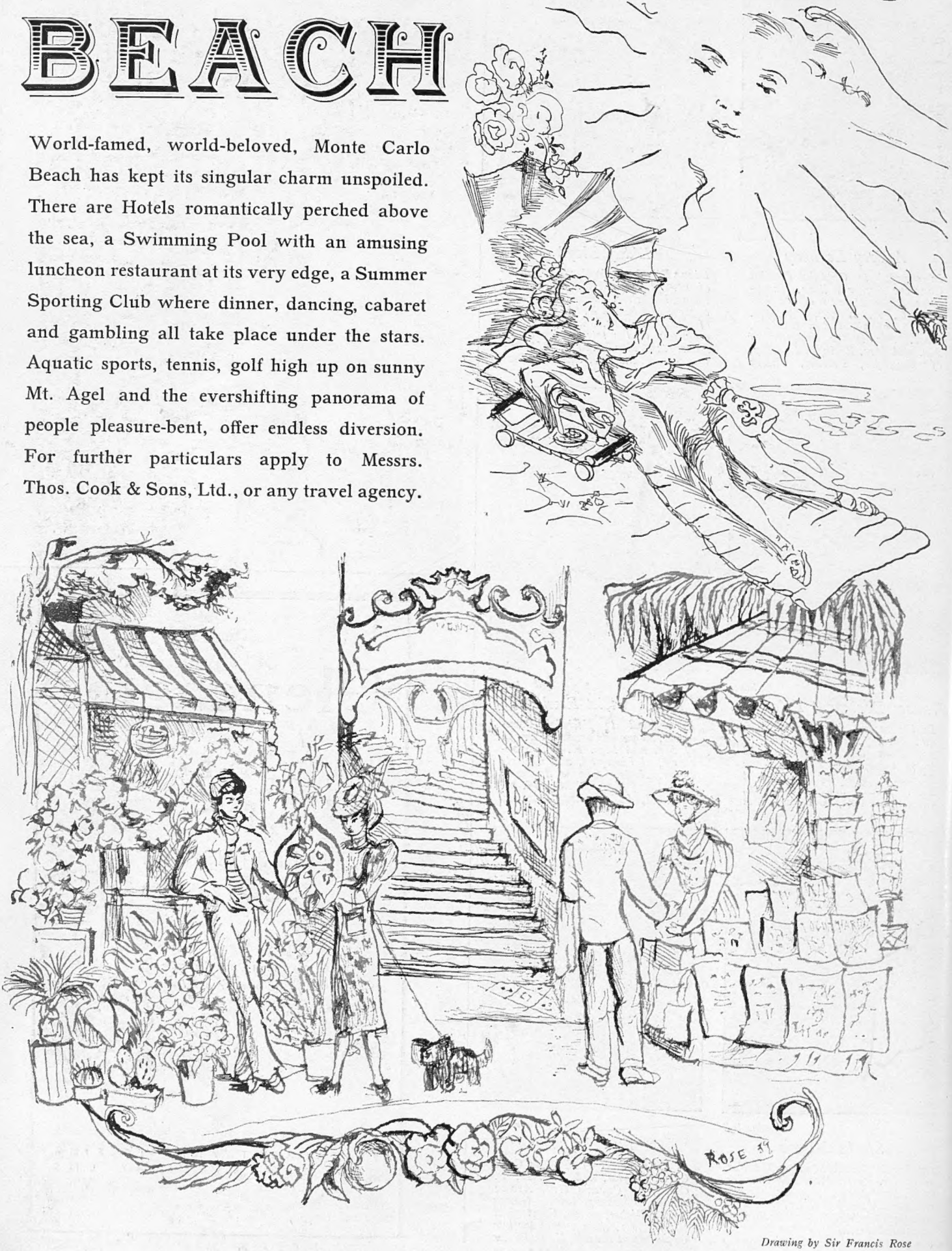

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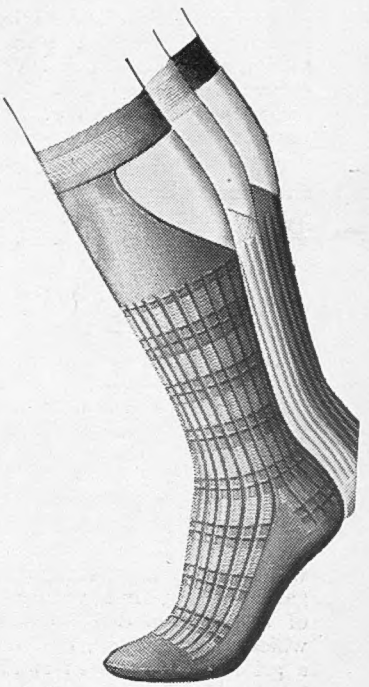

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A FEW terror-stricken shepherds had brought the news that a whole party of travellers on the way from Cerepa to Apanea had been slaughtered. It seemed that the party had been attacked by a superior number of mounted men who, after having accomplished their dread mission, turned back and disappeared in the direction of Heraclea or more likely in that of Susa.

Guided by the shepherds, a relief party was sent to investigate. After marching a few miles they sighted a number of vultures hovering in the sky and clearly indicating the spot where the massacre had taken place. On arrival there they were petrified with horror. The spectacle was all the more ghastly by reason of its striking contrast to the beauty of the peaceful surroundings. The bodies of men, women and animals were scattered everywhere on the road, behind bushes and amongst the prickly cacti. The ground showed unmistakable signs of the terrible struggle that had taken place. In the hope of finding some of the victims still alive a careful examination was made by the members of the investigating party, but with the exception of a few wounded horses and camels which still breathed, it was evident that a grim task had been carried out most thoroughly. No one had been left alive to tell a tale.

THE rich attire of some of the victims aroused considerable interest and speculation as to their identity, more especially as the royal crest was found on many articles of their belongings, which, strangely enough, together with many valuables still attached to the saddles, were still untouched. It was therefore obvious that robbery had not been the motive of this wholesale murder.

Without further investigation the victims were put across the horses and the mournful procession started on its way back, every one baffled by the mystery that enveloped the grim deed.

The vultures, still hoping for their prey, followed for a considerable distance, but towards the evening, their patience exhausted, they flew back in the direction of the fallen animals. . . . . *You'll want to read it all in the series From "OLD TALES RE-TOLD" by F. MATANIA, R.I.—"The Crime of King Xerxes" is in the July issue.*

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